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Cariboo and Northwest DIGEST

VOLUME 6 - No. 1 JANUARY, 1950 25c

P. G. E. Construction Train and Work Crew One Mile North of Quesnel, B.C. - See pages 24 and 25

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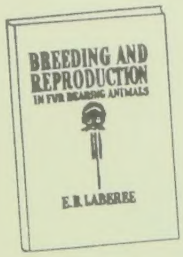

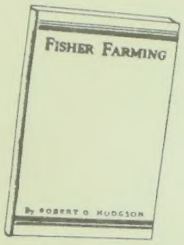

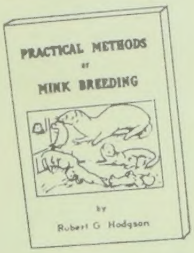

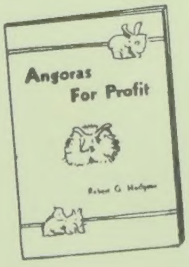

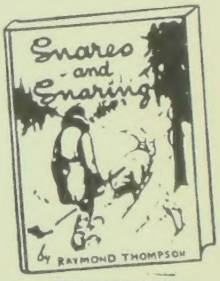

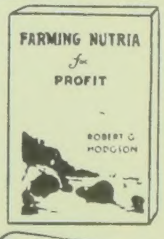

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Contributing editors: J. A. Fraser, E. Collier.

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Discrimination

Eighteen months ago, shortly after the Forest Management License plan came into effect we published a condemnation of the plan on the grounds that, among other things, "it catered only to big interests.....and that there would be discrimination in the matter of issuing licenses." Other objections voiced by the Cariboo Digest, the B.C. Truck Logger's Association and others, decried the fact that the plan would put the squeeze on small operators, tend to lower revenue from timber resources, etc.

Countering these charges, Minister of Lands, the Hon. E.T.Kenney, stated that "even a farmer could apply for, and be granted, a Management License," and further, "we cannot expect industry to make large scale investments without some measure of protection - a guarantee of sufficient raw materials to keep their plants in operation."

To date four licenses have been granted, two on the lower coast, one to Western Plywoods Ltd., covering timber in the Quesnel area, and one to the American-owned Columbia Cellulose Co. Ltd., which company is building a $25,000,000 plant near Port Edward, 8 miles south of Prince Rupert, B.C.

Plans for construction of a plywood plant at Quesnel are being delayed because the Western Plywood Co. license was granted - "subject to approval of the working plan." In the eighteen months since the license was granted the above-named company has not been able to get an 'approval' of its working plan, despite the fact that its forest engineers are as competent as any in the province, in fact, been trained by and formerly in the employ of, the Forestry Dept. To date they have spent some $30,000 in connection with their application for a license. The area covered by their application is not large as such licenses go. Figuring on a hundred year growth cycle, with an annual cut of 6 million feet, their requirements are just over 500,000,000 f.b.m. But the application has NOT received final approval. The company is still trying to unravel red tape.

Apparently for the Columbia Cellulose Co., backed by the billion dollar Celanese Corporation of America, everything is clear sailing. No sooner was their license granted than work began on their $25 million project. There could have been NO string of "subject to approval of.."

Concluded on page 48

British Columbia - 1851-1914

The following is the SIXTH of a series of excerpts from the historical volume entitled "British Columbia"

by F.W. HOWAY and E.O.S. SCHOLEFIELD

published in 1914 by the S.J. CLARKE Publishing Co. and now out of print

IN THIS ISSUE

The Roads and Trails to Cariboo

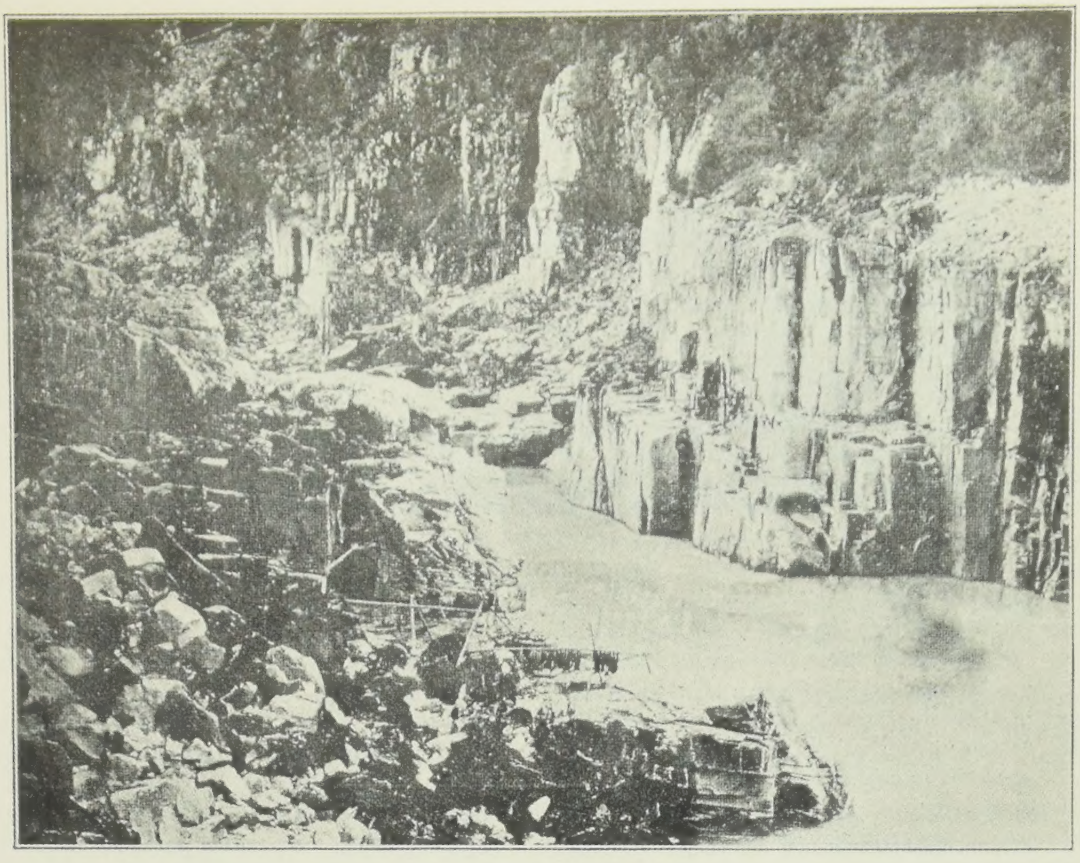
DURING all this time the means of communication with the interior had been gradually improving. It is necessary, now, to trace these changes and the gradual evolution of that stupendous work, the Cariboo road.

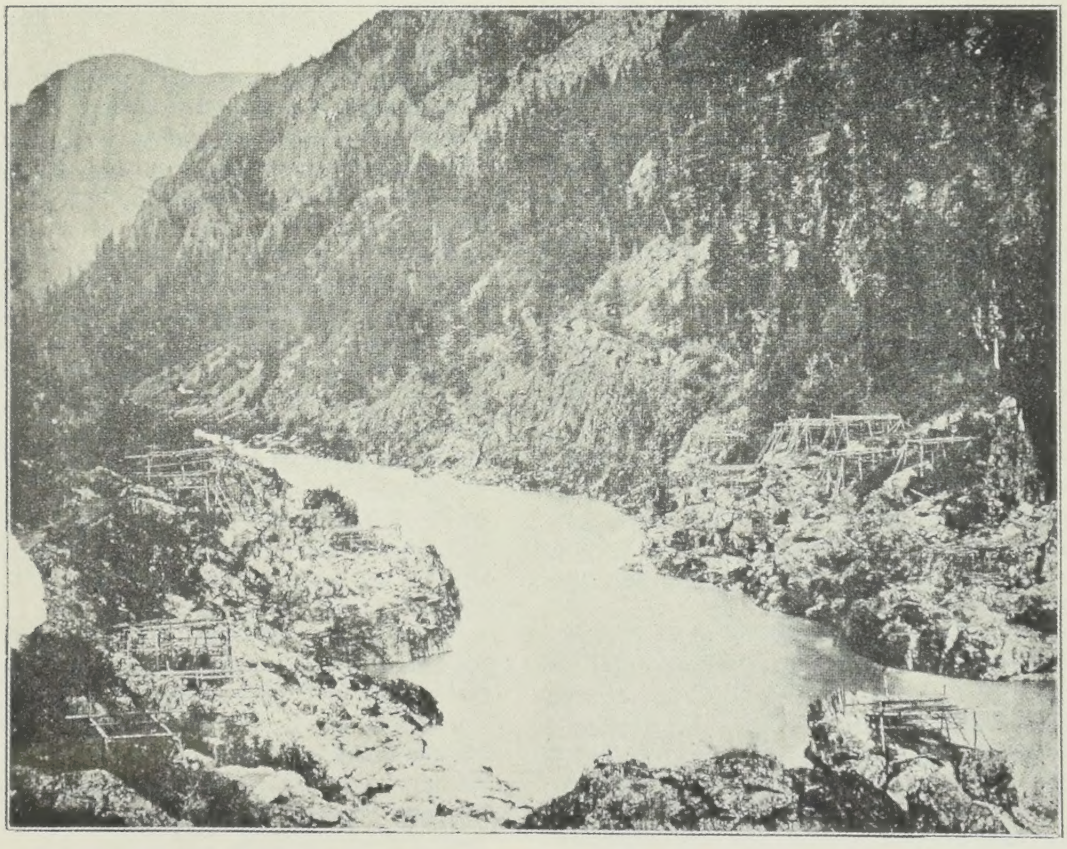
When the miners arrived in 1858 the trails leading from the lower Fraser region were only the abandoned trail of the Hudson's Bay Company from Kamloops to Fort Yale, and the existing trail from Kamloops to Fort Hope. The former, keeping away from the river, led from Fort Yale to Spuzzum, where it crossed followed the left bank of the Fraser to Ke-que-loose, later known as Chapman's Bar, six miles further, then climbing to an elevation of two thousand feet, it descended to Anderson River. It followed that river to the source and, continuing at a great height, reached the Coldwater River and thence, in a northeasterly direction, across the Nicola to Kamloops. The trail from Fort Hope ascended the Coquahalla, crossed Manson's Mountain to the Campement du Chevreuil at the head-waters of the Similkameen, and thence in a northerly direction by Campement des Femmes to Nicola Lake and Kamloops. It will thus be seen that these routes were of comparatively small value to persons wishing to ascend the Fraser and, moreover, owing to their elevation, they were snow-bound during about eight months of the year. But there existed then, as there had existed from the earliest times os which we have any record, Indian trails along the banks of the river - trails of which Simon Fraser has left us such a vivid description.

To get supplies into the region beyond Yale and to reach the mining bars above the canyons were the problems of 1858. The raging torrent closed the river; the approach must be by land. The "almost insurmountable barrier" which the country beyond Yale presented caused Douglas to give his attention to a route by way of the chain of lakes from Harrison Lake to the Fraser at Lillooet. This line of communication had long been known to the Hudson's Bay Company and had been mapped by Mr. A.C.Anderson, one of their chief traders. The fact that only short bits of trail were necessary to connect the stretches of water appealed strongly to Douglas; but the question he had to solve was how to build these bits, short as they were, with the very limited funds in hand.

Late in July, 1858, he invited the miners then in Victoria to consider the undertaking. The arrangement ultimately made was unique. Five hundred miners, divided into twenty companies of twenty-five men each under the command of a captain, were to be given free transportation from Victoria to the point where the trail was to commence, and to be supplied free with food during its construction. They were to receive no remuneration for their labour in building the trail. Each miner was to deposit $25 as security for the fulfilment of his agreement, which sum was to be repaid in provisions at Victoria prices when the work was completed, together with a fair allowance to cover the carriage of such provisions to the end of the trail.

The first detachment, two hundred and fifty men, left Victoria in the Otter on august 5, 1858; the remainder followed on the 10th. Their first act was to name the western terminus of the trail Port Douglas, in honour of the Governor. At the outset the work progressed rapidly. ten miles being built during the first four days, and when the whole body were at work, from four to six miles daily. But the transportation of materials and supplies became more serious with the increasing distance. It was supposed that mules would be put on the finished trail





EARLY VIEWS OF THE BIG CANYON OF THE FRASER

for this purpose, and thus it was expected that the work would be completed in four or five weeks. Some delay and considerable disaffection arose over the failure to supply these animals promptly, for in the interval all supplies had to be carried by the men themselves. The trail was completed about the end of September. It was not a mere mule trail, but was well built with bridges at all necessary points, and almost sufficiently wide for wagon use. Its entire length, including the lakes, was about one hundred miles. As completed, goods could be packed over it for 20 cents a pound. Some difficulty occured in arranging the amount to be allowed for the transportation of the road-makers' supplies from Douglas to Lillooet. The men thought that 20 cents a pound should be allowed, while the representative of the Government would allow but 4 cents. When the question came before the Governor himself, he directed that the promised supplies be either transported over the trail to Fraser River at the colony's expense, for a fair allowance which he fixed at 18 cents a pound, be made, to the men therefor. Though built on this cooperative plan, its cost, i.e., transportation of men and materials, supplies and sustenance, was approximately $60,000.00.

This trail gave ready access to the Fraser at Lillooet, reducing, consequently, the cost of food on the bars in that vicinity. At this time the charge for packing from Yale to the Forks (Lytton) was 46 1/2 cents, while from Douglas to Lillooet - almost double the distance - it was, by this work, reduced to 18 cents a pound.

But the gradual advance from Yale had shown the auriferous nature of all the bars between that point and Lytton. Hence while the trail to Lillooet afforded access to the upper Couteau and Canoe countries, it gave no relief as regarded the territory between Yale and Lytton. The Hudson's Bay Company's Brigade trail, as far as Spuzzum and Anderson River, and the Indian trails, were the lines of communication. In August, Douglas called for proposals to cut a mule trail from Yale by way of Douglas Portage to Spuzzum (sometimes called the Rancheria), and thence for a distance of thirty-five miles along the river. It was to be a trail over which a mule could pack two hundred and fifty pounds.

While this was under consideration, a company of one hundred and sixty men and four hundred mules and horses, in command of David McLaughlin, arrived at Lytton. They had made their rendezvous at Walla Walla. Learning from Mr. Wolfe, a trader at Fort Colville, who, with a band of beef cattle, joined them there, that the Indians were hostile, the party adopted a semi-military organization. Four divisions were formed and placed under the command of James McLaughlin, Hambright, Wilson, and Tucker. A German who lagged behind, while crossing the Columbia Plains was taken by the Indians and murdered. Near the boundary line, and on the east side of the Okanagan River, the party met the Indians in force and strongly entrenched. When the latter fired, the whites took shelter behind the rocks and returned the fire. All the afternoon the battle continued. Hurley, Evans, and Rice, three Californians, were killed, and six others wounded. Five horses were also lost in the conflict. During the night the Indians set fire to the grass to burn out the whites, but the latter set counter fires, and both held their positions. In the morning the savages had decamped. From the breastworks which they had erected it was evident that about a hundred Indians had been engaged in the encounter.

A few days later a large band rode down upon the party and endeavored to stampede their animals. Failing in this attempt, peace was made. No sooner had this been arranged than the Indians stole about sixty of Mr. Wolfe's cattle. McLaughlin's men, finding them in the act of jerking the beef, took them prisoners and were about to execute speedy justice upon them when Chief Trader Allen McDonald of Fort Colville most opportunely arrived on the scene, and at his earnest intercession the malefactors were released.

The whole journey occupied about thirty days. The trail was described as being so bad that one, who had once travelled it, would not desire to do so again. Amongst the party was Mr. John Alway, who became one of the earliest packers in the colony.

Immediately after their arrival, one hundred of the mules were sent down the river trail towards Yale. When this news reached Yale, a meeting of the miners was held and about a hundred men volunteered to render the trail by way of Spuzzum and Boston Bar, i.e., a portion of the Brigade and existing Indian trails practicable for pack animals. They set to work in earnest and made the trail as far as Spuzzum so passable that a mule could travel it with a load of two hundred pounds. The Governor took up the work where these volunteers ceased.

From Fort Yale to the Ferry the trail was in fair condition, but the remainder of the distance to Lytton (the Forks) was very rough, full of big logs and difficult places to travel, though loaded mules managed to pass over. By September 7th it was estimated that five hundred mules were packing over this trail from Yale to Lytton. The prices for packing were, at first: to the Rancheria (Spuzzum)

Placer mining on Williams Creek. Four thousand men worked here in 1863.

6 cents a pound; Ferry, 1/2 cent; beyond, as far as the Forks, 40 cents; total 46 1/2 cents a pound.

Besides this, which is known as the mule train, there were two others known as the "Lower" and "Upper" Canyon trails. The former was a rough path carried along a ledge of boulders at the bottom of the canyon, but only passable when the water was low. The Upper trail passed from ledge to ledge at a height varying from fifty to eight hundred feet above the river. They connected with the mule trail and afforded short cuts to those whose nerves were strong enough to stand the strain. The test came in rounding the cliffs. Here the Indians had suspended poles by ropes of deer hide and fibre, and in passing there was nothing for the traveller to grasp; he could only stretch out his arms and clasp the face of the rock, keeping as close to it as possible; if he became dizzy, or made a false step, the pole would of course swing away and place him in danger of toppling off. Yet the Indians who were accustomed to the work used these two trails for packing in supplies for the miners when the mule trail, owing to its elevation was blocked with snow. The miners themselves were also, perforce, obliged to use the same routes, dangerous as they were, and to carry their provisions along this hazardous pathway during a great portion of the year.

Judge Begbie passed over these trails in the following April. He describes them as being: "Utterly impassable for any animal but a man, a goat, or a dog." He adds: "It might, doubtless, be very much improved. In many places a very painful and dangerous ascent and descent of twenty minutes, in the whole course of which the traveller depends almost as much on his hands as on his feet, brings the path to within a few yards of the projecting precipice, through which a few pounds of powder would have made an easy way."

Lieutenant Mayne had no better opinion of these trails through the canyons: "The ground over which the trail passes is the roughest on which I have ever travelled, the greater part of it being over sharp-pointed rocks or granite boulders. Some of the ascents in the Great Canyon, which is six miles long, are from 30 degrees to 60 degrees and nearly perpendicular over the water."

The mule train, as already described, served the purpose during 1859 also; in July, mule trains loaded with provisions were leaving Yale almost every day. But the detour along the Douglas Portage called for attention, and in August the Gold Commissioner at Yale states: "It would be an incalculable benefit to the town were a bench to be blasted out of the soft slate(?) rock at the mouth of the small canyon immediately above Yale, opening a direct connection with the river trail - at present a circuit of nearly ten miles has to be made over almost inaccessible heights." Another letter from him a few months later throws light on conditions: "The bridge crossing Ross Creek between this and Spuzzum suffered some damage during the late freshet, the centre upright being slightly dislodged. I am in hopes that the traders and packers will come forward with the sum necessary for its repair, as it is estimated that 20 pounds ($100.) will be ample for the purpose. Should they, however, neglect to do so within a reasonable time, I beg to be authorized to expend the amount out of the public moneys, as another freshet would, in all probability, carry the bridge away entirely."

ROAD BUILDING

In 1860, the Governor entered upon his road construction policy. He had realized from the

beginning that roads were a prime necessity, but mining is proverbially uncertain, and the unstable mining community, rushing hither and thither, as reports of rich strikes reached them, kept in doubt the proper line of permanent roadway. However, it was plain that access to the interior must be given. The first step was to transform the existing trail from Douglas to Lillooet into a wagon road. After Lieutenant Palmer had examined it, in May, 1859, about a hundred men of the Royal Engineers were employed in improving the portion near Douglas.

In March, 1860, Captain Grant, R.E., with eighty men of the corps, spent some time endeavoring to deepen the channel through the shoal of Harrison River, so as to allow uninterrupted navigation at all stages of the water as far as Douglas. Later this party resumed work on the road and, by October, with the assistance of some civilians, completed it from Douglas to the twenty-eight mile house at Little Lillooet Lake in such a manner as to receive the highest encomiums from the Governor. A number of freight wagons were placed on this section, and thus the cost of transportation was again reduced.

In the following year the Royal Engineers continued their work on the same portion, reducing the grades and improving the road-bed. When it was completed Lieutenant Mayne described it as "a wagon road which would be no discredit to many parts of England."

The contract for the Douglas-Lillooet road on the second portage - Lillooet Lake to Anderson Lake, a distance of twenty-four miles - was in August, 1861, awarded to Colquhoun & Company. This was to be eighteen feet in width instead of twelve feet. The contractors were unable to complete the undertaking beyond the first eight miles. In August, 1861, the contract for finishing it was awarded to Joseph W. Trutch, for 6,100 pounds, payable 3,000 pounds in bonds and the remainder in cash. In October, 1861, he had one hundred and fifty men at work and was pressing construction rapidly forward. Between Anderson and Seton Lakes - one and one-half miles - Mr. P.Smith had a tramway in operation by the fall of 1861. From Seton Lake to Lillooet - four miles - the road was built by Mr. Watson and completed by November 1st., 1861.

With the opening of navigation in 1862, freight wagons and stages were in operation over the whole extent of the Douglas-Lillooet route. Steamers were plying on the various lakes - the Marzella on Lillooet Lake, and the Lady of the Lake on Anderson Lake, and the Champion on Seton Lake.

In August, 1860, a contract was made with Mr. Edgar Dewdney (afterwards Lieutenant-Governor Dewdney), with whom Walter Moberly was associated, to build a trail from Fort Hope to Similkameen, the Dewdney trail commonly called, for 76 pounds per mile, payable 1,000 pounds in cash and the remainder in bonds bearing six percent interest redeemable in December, 1860, 1861, and 1862. The location of this trail was selected by a party of Royal Engineers under Sergeant McColl, who succeeded in carrying it over an elevation of four thousand feet with no single greater gradient than one foot in twelve.

Taking the hint which the Gold Commissioner at Yale had thrown out, the Governor determined to build a trail along the mountain side from Fort Yale to Spuzzum, and from that point to Boston Bar, following the course of the Fraser at a moderate elevation. As already stated, the Brigade trail could only be used during about

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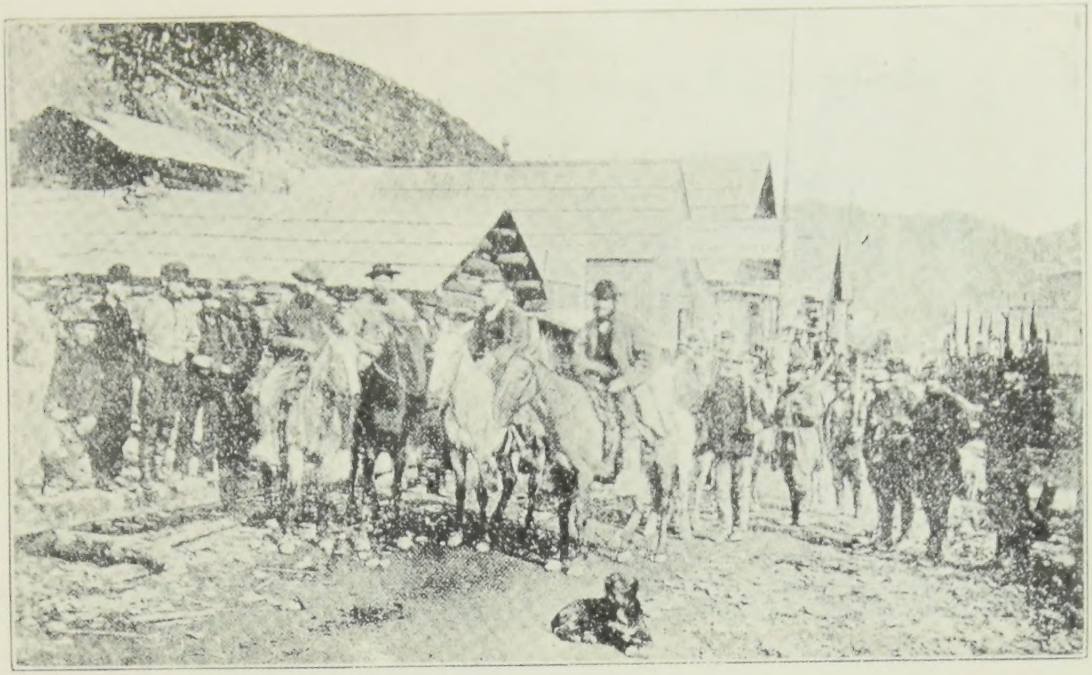
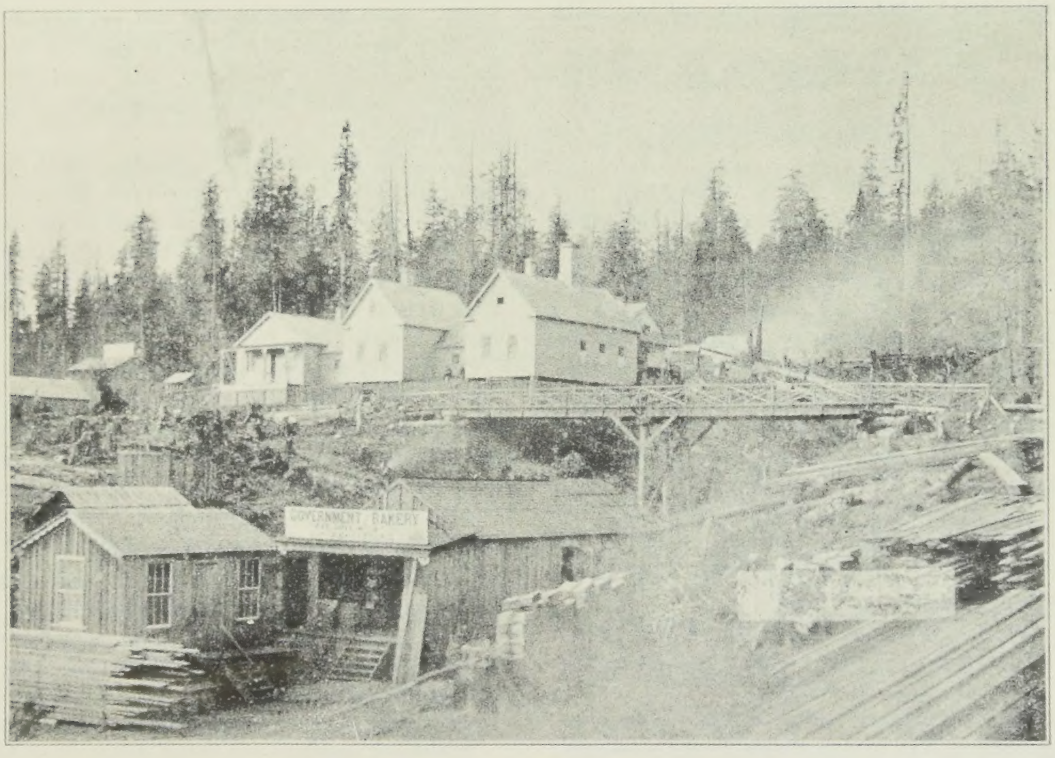
Freight carriers of the early Cariboo days.



CARIBOO GOLD ESCORT IN 1862



THE MINT, NEW WESTMINSTER, 1862

The Best Week-End Ever

by JEAN E. GRADY

CONTENTMENT

Give me a wind with the edge of a knife,
  Or the prickle and stab of hail;
Give me the image of you ahead,
  Carving the downhill trail.
Give me a cabin that's warm within,
  And coffee ready to pour;
Give me your smile, pilot of skis,
  And give me nothing more!

the Author

Those are the exact words of the note I hold in my hands - "Thank-you so much for the best week-end ever."

It was written for my friend Sitzy by a nurse in the General Hospital where he is recovering from said week-end, bound hand and foot with gauze and adhesive.

"Ah!" I hear you saying. "So you took him skiing - ah!"

Yes, we went skiing over the week-end - a wonderful week-end.

"Yeah? It must have been," you say. "I'll let you do mine for me....On second thought what made it so wonderful?"

Well, the spring weather had everything to do with it. There comes a day, usually in mid-April when a skier is cruising the high trails close around town, that he suddenly senses something different in the air. He steps with the instinct of an animal - though none of the grace -shakes off the snow and looks around. The evergreens are greener, the sunshine more golden, and there is a stir in the air that comes warmly down from the snowfields hanging high above timberline - snowfields that till now have been battered by blizzard and cold.

The skier takes a deep breath of the heady ether and feels that he couldn't get up there faster if it were all downhill.

The actual skiing on these mountain excursions starts in the old mining town of Barkerville. What could be more romantic? -Not even- Aspen!

Mount Agnes emerging beyond the long snow meadows.

The morning that Sitzy joined the party, though, had to have extra spice. The taxi that brought us in from Wells - a modern mining town four miles distant - had a damaged clutch. So, instead of stopping to disembark in the usual quiet manner, we drove around and around the small town block, throwing out, with prayers, fourteen valuable splitkein skiis, fourteen glinting poles, seven rucksacks, extra jackets and finally seven disheveled skiers with an approximate five blackeyes and one bloody nose....And the skiing had not yet begun!

Sitzy was no skier - but by gar, he had true cambre right to the core, and a stick-to-it-iveness second only to many applications of pine tar.

Leaving Barkerville from the south, over a famous old gold trail, the trek began. Right away, we wound through a tight little canyon. At that time of morning, it was a fantasy of bulging shadows and shafts of sunlight; a definite division of bluish snow and scintillating diamonds.

"I really feel as though I'm going through into something," remarked Sitzy, who was slugging along very well for a man with his face turned up to the sky - at least, so far as a mammoth pack with a mammoth sleeping bag on top of that would allow.

Out of the canyon and over the flat, the seven skiers were strung out in an even line. Occasionally, a shout of estacy rang up and down the gulch; and all the while the skiis and poles were making music -swish, tsk; swish, tsk. It became a rythme that would lull any man behind polaroids to dream of the great white reaches far up ahead.

Richfield, another old ghost-town, went by, and then the climb began.

Within five minutes, the virgin slope, up

Crossing the flat top of Elk Mountain

which we were to climb, looked very much as though army ski troops had been practising thereon for a week. It was the old lament, "My skiis won't climb!"

"Take off your pack and sit down," I advised Sitzy, who suddenly sat down without troubling to take it off.

We watched waxing and re-waxing operations for some time, making special note of who used what. Finally Gordie emerged far up the slope above all the others - Gordie and his Tento 34 going up and up in an agreeably straight line. Sitzy and I were on our feet in a flash, squeezing and slapping on wholesale gobs of that aromatic wax.

"For there's no room for any perfume,
Where there's Tento 34."

Without any frills, the next three miles under a heavy pack, was a long slow grind; and the rolled oats we ate for breakfast began to feel very far away.

There is nearly always a veteran along on trips like this, whose continual assurance of approaching land-marks brings little spurts of energy to tired plankers. I am guilty of this myself. On this particular route, the 'ditch' is just such a landmark.

The ditch eventually came in sight this day too, and was as welcome as ever, for it was a sure sign that the landmark known as Summit Rock and the end of the climb was near at hand.

Besides Summit Rock, we all came up in a group to take 'five', and to bear admiring glances upon the first of our destinations - the broad, snow-bleached crown of Elk Mountain Everyone was punching holes in cans of tomato juice, or sucking noisily on oranges.

"Here," said Sitzy, wiping his chin on his arm and handing over a can, 'not much left finish it up." And he continued to stare at the Mountain.

I choked over one awful mouthful, and then, the coursing tears, I saw the label - Ripe Olives! Saying nothing to Sitzy - mostly because I wasn't able - I slipped the can of precious olives into a pocket of the rucksack, and felt sure he had just weathered unwittingly his greatest catastrophe.

As any skier knows, the longer he stands gazing at a mountain, the further away it gets. From Summit Rock we turned left across a small meadow, and were soon on the easy level stretches of the ditchline. Here and there, the slow-moving water of the ditch was showing black through the snow. Snowfleas were jumping away from the tips of the skiis, and numb-looking spiders dragged themselves over the corn surface. Every turn of the ditch brought a new vista in sight, and always there were the warm, penetrating rays of sunshine and the heavy scent of evergreens.

The voice of Sitzy finally got through all this to me. It was a voice of misery. There was something wrong with his pack.

There undoubtedly was, for he had put it on up-side-down at Summit Rock. However, while the others of the party got well out of rythme in their mirth, and one actually toppled into

the stream - chosing one of the damper, open spots - Sitzy and I made some quarter mile gain beyond them.

But then we stopped, and the others had ample time to catch up. At this certain turn of the ditch, (this very important corner) the rugged mass of beautiful Mount Agnes came into sight. If one could sort out his feelings at this spot, the underlying ones would be, that all the climbing all the sweating and thirsting, all the back-slip up-side-down packs are a small price to pay for this view of the queen of our mountains.

Despite the energy expended taking his pack and contents on this merry little jaunt, Sitzy's face managed to drop another six inches when I announced that, beside a certain crippled tree we were to leave the easy going of the ditch-line.

A mighty sudden change it is, to point them down after all the way up, and as Sitzy said, "tear through the closely-woven forest like a moth with pinking shears."

No one else could understand that, for the forest was actually wide-open at this spot. But Sitzy was plagued by the trees catching his ski poles, or reaching out a limb for him to trip over. And for good measure, the final, steep plunge had a black, boiling spring stream at the very bottom. There were two ways to avoid it. One was by good management; the other, instinct. Sitzy was essentially primitive, or had fast learned to be.

This was the point were the Elk Mountain climb began. It is long and rugged and vertical more so to a new-comer. A dozen trips up the cluttered foorhill seem to bring a familiarization, eventually, between man and mountain, and make it almost as nothing. There is little view, for Bald Mountain is directly across the narrow valley, with Richfield Mountain at kittycorners. There seems to be nothing but a lot of snow and mountain leaning away above you; and curtains of trees, although those thin out gradually with each traverse and altitude is gained. Here is where the downhill kick turn is a skier's ace-in-the-hole.

We tried to tell Sitzy this, and he said he had been doing it.

I had been talking to him for five minutes before realizing he wasn't behind me. I called to the other two skiers up ahead on the trail to 'hold everything' when voices below called us to come down. No skier likes to lose altitude, but we did this time, half-hoping that Sitz and the tail-enders had speared a can of juice.

But Sitz was not in the little group, although his voice was quite in order.

"Get me out of here," he pleaded desperately, "I'm bleeding to death!" Pinioned by his pack at

A close up of Mt. Agnes.

The face of Elk Mountain - skiier's paradise

the bottom of the deep bowl that melts around the base of trees, how was he to know that he was well immersed in a large patch of ripe, red snow? We made quite a thing out of hauling Sitz out of the snow-trap, to give him something to remember - as if he hadn't enough.

Sitz flicked a wedge of snow from each ear, shook a miniature storm from under his shirt, two more from his eyelashes, and growled, "Now where's that mountain?"

The going was markedly better. Trees gathered their skirts back, and large, white open spaces flowed around. But it was still up.

"How are you doing?" someone called to Sitz.

"If I ever make this trip again, it will be as a little urn of ashes," he replied - with good humour. Looking up the trail at the fairyland

now in view, he whistled long and low. "Say - but THIS is alright!"

It was alright, too, except, that in our consternation, we had passed the cabin by a few yards. The snow was deep, the cabin making a fair-sized mushroom beneath it. A veranda and a doorway could be seen through a broad tunnel of snow.

Scrawled across this door in plain lead pencil is the title "Cloud Inn," which is meant to be - not an Oriental misrepresentation of Crowd In," which it often happily becomes.

Suddenly, no one seemed tired anymore. The chimney was made free and can removed. A fire was soon kindled from a huge store of lichen and dry wood. Someone dug out the waterhole, and lamps were lit. Sleeping robes cushioned the bunks, water was set on to boil, ski boots were removed, wet mitts and jackets hung up... Packs were dismantled, and each held some special treat. Moving back and forth in the small cabin, we jostled and bumped each other cheerfully.

"Just like a Vancouver streetcar," said Sitz, "only different."

By the time the last skier had arrived at the cabin, the most important parts of Sitz had been gathered together again. We made him comfy with a sleeping bag rolled at his back, and put the evening meal on the table before him. Thanking us profusely for all the attention, he realized the chance to lace himself together again when he saw it, and tussled into a huge plate of that inevetable mountain fare - spaghetti.

The coffee was full of grounds, but there never was better. It was drained to the bottom, and then watered, and was still the best yet. The cabin marbled with drifting cigarette smoke. Gordy found a mouth organ among the boughs of the top bunk, and played it with the same captivating abandon that he would use to conquer a downhill race. Mary's voice was as clear as the crystal sunshine we had come through that day. In the lamp light, faces were ruddy, tales were told and the rum was hot. Here, for me, time could stand still. Here was perfect fellowship.

A small surface breeze sifted around the door and windows, craving company. And a moon came full from behind the bare tops - a bright skier's moon.

Only the most rigorous of our party turned out to nose their skiis up into the milk and shadows - up over glittering snow meadows and under the rocky face of Mount Elk where two small lakes hide an inky blueness with ice and snow. Here the skiers paused long and silently, for there was nothing to say.

One by one peeled off down the slopes, and sliding into always faster tempo, felt the thrill of their keen planks and knew they were in tune. Only softly-falling plumes of snow whispered of a skier passing.

The skiers who stayed at the cabin, watched from the log-beamed entrance as four shadows-in-flight swung down through the moonlight and halted their graceful scroll at the cabin door.

Now it was really the time to seek the sleeping bags.

"Where do we all sleep?" asked Sitz above the general commotion.

"Do you mean we have a choice?" asked an old-timer almost gleefully as he spread his bag on the floor.

Others hoisted themselves to the narrow top bunks or sought the less dangerous lower ones. All bunks were padded deep with those Rest-more-or-less mattresses - spruce boughs. The lamp grew dim and went out. The fire cracked, a mouse gnawed bravely in a corner for a while, and then all became still.

Suddenly, it seemed, the door was flung open and bright golden sunshine flooded in. The stove was roaring again and coffee bubbled and laughed as it splashed over its confines. The bluegray whiskey jacks had found us and hung from every tree rasping a

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Roof of 'Cloud Inn'

George Murray's Brief to the Railway Commission

by PAGE RIDEOUT - Peace River, Alta.

It would appear by the Edmonton Journal of November 2, Geo. Murray has filed a 34-page brief with the Railway Commission to be considered this month.

I am thinking it is a safe wager for anyone to take that 80% of the 34 pages are filled with old straw that was threshed years ago by pioneers who cmae into the country over the bush trails.

Away back in 1927 Sir donald Mann was telling a bunch of newsmen of his Peace & Portland Canal Railway in Winnipeg, when he said: "The Portland Canal line will tap bigger, vaster and better agricultural, coal, metal, mineral and water-power resources than Maritimes and all the New England states possess....300 miles east of Portland Canal are immense deposits of the highest grade smokeless coal ever discovered or mined; it is better than the best Welsh coal, and better than the best Pennsylvania anthracite. The Peace & Portland Canal Railway will tap these coal fields where there are billions of tons above the railroad track. A dam at the canyon of the Peace will develop 1,500,000 horse power of hydro energy. These are reasons why I believe the Peace & Portland Canal Railway will be one of the greatest traffic carriers ever built."

Then, many years ago, R.T. Elliott ran a series of articles in the Edmonton Bulletin, in one of which Mr. Elliott painted a real picture of the vast resources of the Peace River country, and he continues thus: "The only trouble with Peace River empire is it is in Canada. Had the United States government access to anything like it; work would start at daylight tomorrow on what is in truth the greatest national opportunity in the world today."

In what we now refer to as the "early days," one, Samuel O'Ferrell of New York crossed our northland in the interest of Pierpont Morgan, and in the old Peace hotel he told us about what we had - if we only knew it. He said with some force in his voice, "If the Peace River Bloc of British Columbia was in any one of the states of the union, there would be a real Pittsburgh at Hudson's Hope and large junctions of railways at Finlay Forks."

Then Baron Rhonddha had a complete grasp of this vast Northland and its broad range of resources when he put $250,000. into one staemboat on the river as a link in his great program of transportation for the country.

Thus, one could go on indefinitely citing such men as have been referred to above, in building up a stack of old straw that has been threshed over and over in bygone days.

But all of these men figured on a port on the northern Pacific to serve our northland. In fact, Sir Donald Mann started to build his railway from the Portland canal into this country.

Surely Mr. Murray must have his geography mixed when he talks about a direct line to the

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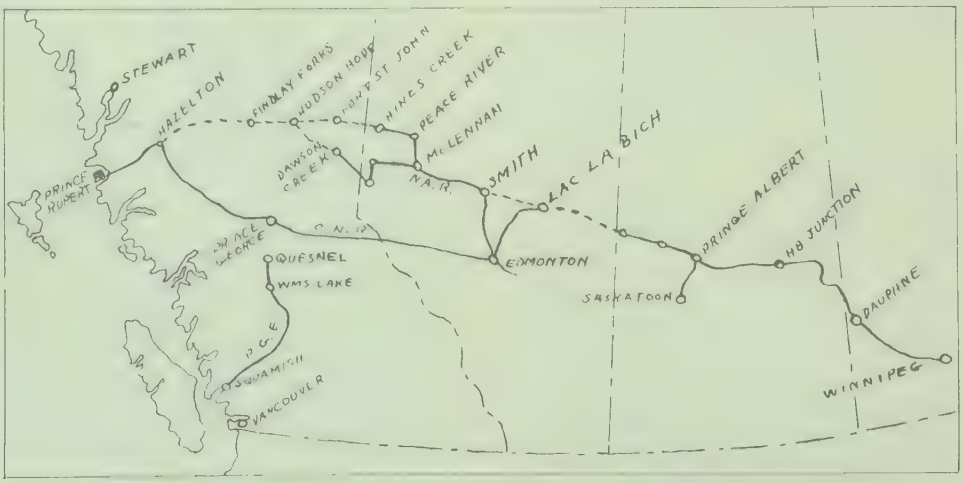
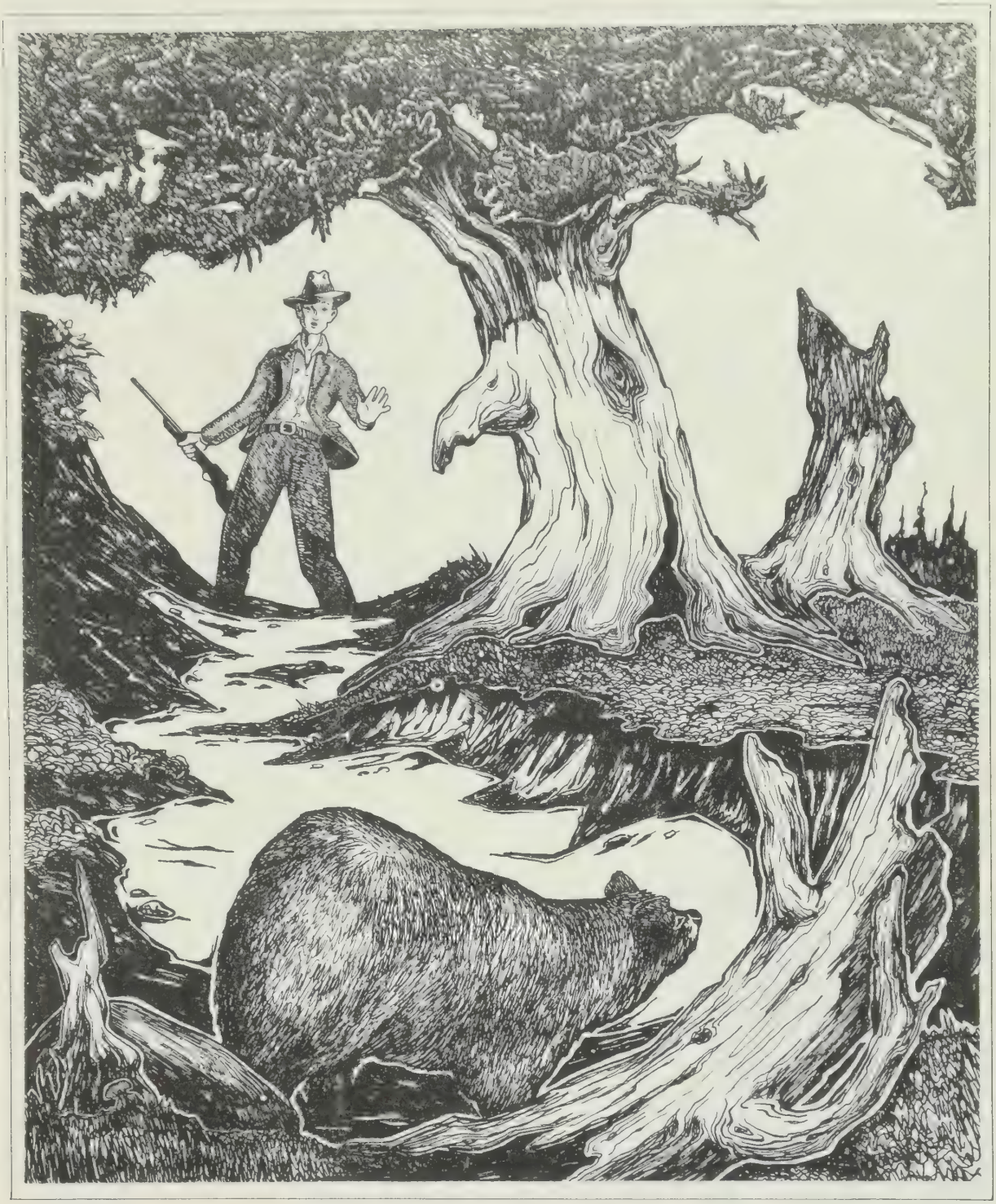


Dotted lines indicate rail links required for a direct northern route.



Hunter or Hunted?

by Wm. Speare, Quesnel, B.C.

Man Hunt For The Mad Trapper of The Arctic

A True Story of The Northland - Put Into Verse

by J. Robert Barrett

The Arctic Post loomed like a ghost, and
ice-waves chilled the veins;
Like a thing alive the snow-flake drive had
whipped the window panes;
And God! But the wind was a demon blind
screaming a devil's song,
Choking the breath and icy as death, hurl-
ing the storms along;
Pouring its wrath down the Arctic path,
spouting the shrapnel snows;
Howling stark in the frozen dark, wailing
a thousand woes;
Like driven shot from a juggernaut it
brought the blizzard's sting,
With talon grip it seemed to strip, and
lash each living thing.

Out of this hell with a tale to tell an Indian
runner sped,
And he told of the fear of a trapper "queer"
who strung their traps o'erhead;
Who swung the might of his six foot height
along the trap-line runs,
And cursed the face of the Indian race, and
cowed them with his guns.
There were few who knew the trapper bold,
from whence, nor why he'd come;
And no one asked, and no one told, and the
trapper's lips were dumb;
And the eyes of the law that never saw the
merits and the flaws,
Were dark and dim as they looked at him,
and wondered who he was.

His ways were lone and he kept to his own, and he acted 'bushed' and queer.

And a parka-hood was stained with blood, and a Mountie reeled and stumbled.

His ways were lone and he kept to his own,
and he acted "bushed" and "queer,"
And he turned his guns on the friendly one
who dared to venture near.
There were looting tales of trap-line trails
where the wild Rat River rolled,
And the law of the land stretched out its
hand with its men in scarlet and gold.
The trapper's home raised its snow-peaked
dome - - double-walled and grim,
You could see at a glance he took no chance
of anyone capturing him;
No foot of ground that stood around, from
his rifle shot was free,
For loop-holes stared, and waiting, glared
as if the walls could see.

Two Mounties sped from Arctic Red across
the storming land,
And swift they strode to the queer abode,
and loud was the law's command;
And bullets tore through the massive door
as the trapper's rifle rumbled,
And a parka-hood was stained with blood,
and a Mountie reeled and stumbled.

And horror steeled his comrade wheeled in
the glare of the trapper's gun,
Grasping his friend he struck for the bend
of the wild Rat River's run;
The dog-whip slashed and the huskies dashed
and raced for Aklavik Post,
And on the sleigh the trapper's prey, lay
silent as a ghost.

The power and awe of the thwarted law,
swung swift to the man-hunt trail,
And the trapper's name leaped into fame
from its place beyond the pale.
Through wind and snow at forty below a
posse ploughed all day,
Half blind and cold they fought the hold that
barred their forward way;
With lash and grip of husky whip they drove
their straining dogs,
Till they came to the height where day and
night in his loop-holed fort of logs,
The trapper thought his tangled thoughts
and stared at the law of the land,
And sullen heard the clear cut word that
was the law's command.

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Water Supplies

Are You Sure That The Water You Drink Is Wholesome, Pure, and "Safe"

by J.L. HIEBERT, C.S.I.

SANITARY INSPECTOR, Cariboo Health Unit, QUESNEL, B.C.

A considerable number of inspections of wells have been made in the Cariboo (Towns and private) and almost invariably it was found that they were improperly constructed. Their location was either too near sources of contamination such as privies, barns, septic tanks etc. or the wells were not constructed so as to be watertight down for 10 feet, or else the pumps were defective.

It is quite possible that many of the towns and residents of this northland could profit by reading the following excerpt from an article on water supplies.

Any further assistance and advice on water supplies may be had by applying to any local Health Unit office or by writing directly to the Provincial Health Department. In Northern B.C. Health Unit offices are located in Williams Lake, Quesnel, Prince George, Vanderhoof, Smithers, Prince Rupert, Dawson Creek and Fort St. John.

Water samples will be taken and analysed for bacteria if a survey shows that the well is located away from contamination and that the well is water tight for 10 feet down. If this is not the case a water sample is of little value because even if the sample is negative the water may become contaminated at any time.

****

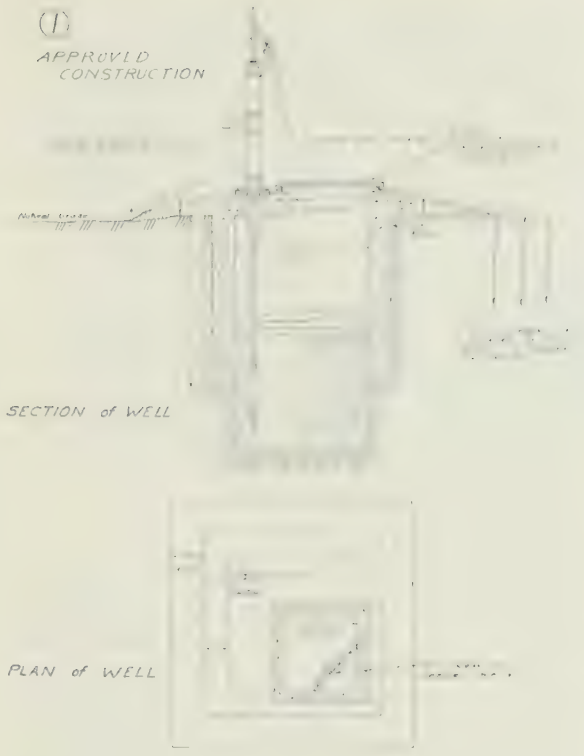
The fact that water is such an everyday requirement for domestic purposes makes it essential that it be readily obtainable. Likewise, the knowledge that it can carry disease-producing bacteria and be responsible for a number of diseases makes it imperative that it be safe and of good quality. The amount of water needed by an individual is influenced largely by the ease by which he can secure it and the cost. Only a relatively small amount is used for drinking and cooking purposes but in a house with modern plumbing installed, the amount used is quite high, varying from 50 to 100 gallons per head per day.

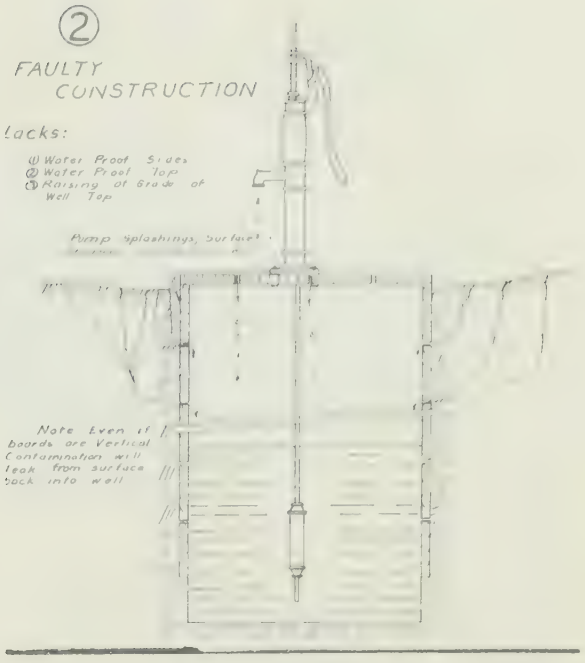
Drinking water supplies may carry disease-producing bacteria. When these enter the body illness may follow. Typhoid Fever, Paratyphoid Dysentery and Diaorrhoea are the principal diseases carried by water in this province. Water-borne diseases are transmitted from person to person by bacteria. In order to produce the infection, the specific bacteria which cause the disease must gain entrance to the body. It does not result from odor or from any other method except by the entrance of these germs into the body. These bacteria may enter the body in milk, water or food. They multiply in the intestinal tract of human beings, and the symptoms associated with the disease begin to occur. The lower animals do not take typhoid. When water contaminated with these organisms (Bacteria) is consumed by a person, the disease of that particular germ (bacteria) may follow; in the case of Typhoid-eight to ten days-this is known as the incubation period. Each disease has its own bacteria, and one does not result from another type of organism (bacteria).

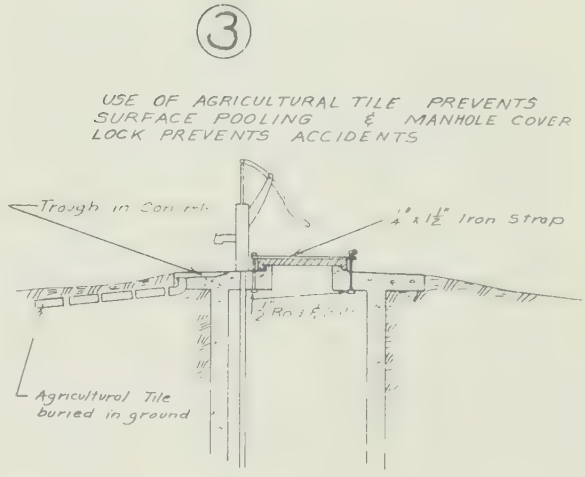
Since the bacteria of these diseases live only in the human body, naturally it is evident that water may only be infected by the discharges of the human body. A person suffering from a disease (Typhoid fever included) excretes the bacteria. These may reach the source of the water supply, and be consumed by another person - thus spreading a disease throughout a family or community. In other words, the natural habitat of bacteria is in the intestines of the human being, and the germs are transmitted through contaminated water, milk or food in general.

A dug well is a well dug with an ordinary shovel, usually not more than fifteen feet deep and about three or four feet in diameter. This is the kind most in use in Central and Northern British Columbia. Unfortunately this is also the well which is most subject to contamination.

Wells may be contaminated from two sources:
(A) From the underground water.
(B) From surface drainage near the well.
Pollution of the underground supply depends upon the pollution in the vicinity of the well; the nature of the soil formation; the elevation or level of the ground water. The distance which pollution will travel cannot be accurately stated, owing to the above factors. 100 feet may be sufficient in some cases while in others due to soil formation, pollution may travel for




(2)
FAULTY CONSTRUCTION
Lacks:
(1) Water Proof Sides
(2) Water Proof Top
(3) Raising of Grade of Well Top
Pump splashings, Surface
Note Even if boards are Vertical Contamination will leak from surface back into well


(3)
USE OF AGRICULTURAL TILE PREVENTS SURFACE POOLING & MANHOLE COVER LOCK PREVENTS ACCIDENTS
Trough in Concrete
¼" x 1½" Iron Strap
Agricultural Tile buried in ground

miles, this is particularly true in regions of limestone formation, since limestone is characterized by fissures which may carry water unfiltered, for miles just as a pipe would. It has been found by experiment that contamination from the surface does not penetrate far into the soil, usually about two to three feet under average circumstances. It has also been found by experiment that contamination in dry soil travels in a vertical direction only.

If the ground water table is sufficiently low, contamination from the surface will not enter the ground water table. For this reason it is important that the ground water should be low.

Pollution of a well from the surface is much more common than is pollution from the underground supply. The surface pollution is almost always due to improper construction of the well. Pollution may enter the top around the pump base, through the manhole or through the top itself; it may enter through the sides of the well where the cribbing is not watertight. Pollution originates from boots, refuse deposited near the well, fowl, etc. As the surface of the ground nearly everywhere is polluted, it is readily understood that a well cribbed and topped poorly is almost always polluted.

Where pollution has entered a well it may be of use to know how to disinfect the well- The method is as follows:

Take one half pound of chloride of lime and mix in a pail of water, allow the white solid to settle and then pour the liquid into the well. Let stand in the well for twelve hours or longer. Pump the well dry to remove the taste of the chlorine. This treatment is recommended for new wells or where pollution is to be destroyed subsequent to alteration of the cribbing - but it will not protect a well if the well is in a position where it is in danger of continued surface drainage.

Many water supplies which are contaminated may be protected by adding to the water a small dose of chlorine. The chlorine dosage may be as low as two to four pounds of chlorine per million gallons of water. When the chlorine dose is properly determined for a given water supply and the chlorine properly fed into the water, the water is made free of disease-producing bacteria, without causing bad taste. Approximately 85% of all public drinking water supplies in the U.S. and Canada are chlorinated.

Cherished Memories of Cariboo

As Related by LUIGA YOLLAND to EMELENE THOMAS

LOOKING back to our three years in Barkerville it is a bit difficult to bring to mind exact dates. It was such a long time ago fifty years, and though I remember the place vividly, some names elude my memory.

Half a century ago. I was only twenty-three when we went there, and full of zest for everything new, though family worries tempered my anticipation somewhat. But I must explain how we happened to go there.

In the late ninties we were living in New Westminster, where my husband the Reverend Field Yolland, was rector of St. Barnabas Church. His health at that time was so poor that a change of climate seemed his best hope for improving it, and from Mr. Underhill, a friend of ours, we heard of the invigorating Cariboo. His brother, he told us, had gone there some years previous in search of better health, and found the climate so beneficial that he had stayed several years, becoming completely restored in health and strength. Such recommendation was not to be ignored, and my husband promptly set about arranging with the Bishop for a transfere there. In a short while it was settled that he would be moved to Barkerville, where there was an Anglican church, and which was also headquarters for the parish.

Though we had heard of the Cariboo we knew little of Barkerville, and of the parish even less, only that it extended to Quesnel, west into the Chilcotin and east to Horsefly and Quesnelle Forks, all mere names to us. We were informed that there were furnished living-quarters in Barkerville, so we disposed of most of our household goods, selling some, and storing a few special things in the homes of friends. Our clothes, linens, some books, and other small possessions we took along.

We left New Westminster in the early fall of 1898, going to Vancouver for a fortnight's farewell visit with my family before starting on our big journey. Though of course we were sorry to part from family and friends, the unknown beckoned with its promise of a healthier climate and the exciting life of a gold-town. It was with a high sense of adventure that we boarded the C.P.R. and waved vigorously as the train chugged out of the station. There were five of us crowding the windows; my husband and myself, and our three children, the oldest three years, the youngest three months. I remember I wore a black felt sailor hat, and the two girls poke bonnets of fur.

It was ten o'clock in the morning when we left Vancouver, and one o'clock the following morning when, tired and dirty, we reached Ashcroft, our jumping-off place. I had been married there four years before but I hadn't much time to think of that now, with three children to care for. The air was bitingly cold at that hour, and when the stage left two hours later it was colder. A Mr. Peters drove the six-horse B.X. stage in which we made our slow journey through the darkness. For the rest of the night and all next day we travelled, drawing up finally at the 83 Mile House, a beautifully clean place, run by David Stoddart. We felt quite refreshed next morning when we once again settled in the coach. On and on we went, through fascinating sagebush country, until the driver brought us safely down the long hill into Soda Creek. There we had another good rest, then continued north to Quesnel, where we stayed at the Cariboo Hotel, thinking as we rested of how far we had come, and of the distance still to go.

The fourth night found us at Cottonwood House, meeting for the first time the Boyds. Tiny, sweet-faced Mrs. Boyd was very quiet; Mr. Boyd, tall, thin, and bearded, deliberate in his ways. A friendly couple, and always kind to my husband.

Winter had already set in, and the road was in such bad shape that the stage was abandoned and bobsleighs used as far as Wingdam (I think it was). There we traded back to wheels, and went on to Stanley, last stop before Barkerville. There was no sitting-room at the hotel, just a big barroom, but we were conducted to the Annex, a lean-to known as the Bridal Chamber. This favored place was kept scrupulously clean and free of bedbugs, and we appreciated it fully. I hastily "rebuilt" my hair, exchanging my hat for a warm woolen scarf.

The wind was blowing hard as we huddled down in the sleigh, trying to keep warm. Through the darkness we creaked, reaching Barkerville about midnight, in a blinding snowstorm.

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Smithers Gets New Curling Rink

Few towns in British Columbia will be able to boast of better facilities for the devotees of the ancient sport of curling than Smithers, B.C. where the 125 members of the Curling Club are rushing to completion their new rink, (shown above) in preparation for the winter season.

The new structure measuring 180 by 62 feet will enclose four sheets of ice, and have furnace-heated club rooms measuring 24 by 62 feet at one end, and will be finished on the outside with corrugated aluminum sheeting. Value of the completed building will be approximately $15,000.00 Undoubtedly, one of the finest in the north country.

Completion of the building is a fine illustration of what an enterprising community and an active club can accomplish, even though it is short of funds - providing there is the will to get things done. The Curling Club did not have $15,000. to invest, nor even a hundredth part of that sum, but its 125 members represented a cross section of every phase of industry and business in the Bulkley Valley. Shares were sold to members in order to procure such essentials as cement, brick, roofing, nails, furnace etc. Lumber by the truckload, 75 thousand feet of it, was donated by various mills throughout the valley. It was rough lumber and had to be planed. Club president, Tom Wark, went into a huddle with Gordon M. Jewell of Northern Interior Forest Products, and one day club members turned up en masse at the planer mill and under the direction of Mr. Jewell (also a club member) and with the assistance of a couple of experienced planer men, the lumber was run through and made into shiplap, two-by-fours, two-by-six etc.

Never before had Smithers seen so many 'carpenters' at one time as mechanics, truckers office workers and business men (club members) turned out with saws and hammers dug up from seldom used tool chests to do their share of the construction work. At times there were upwards of 75 men working on the building at one time. Electrical work was done by Wall Electric - at cost. Material, including the lumber, was delivered to the building site free of charge by club members who owned trucks. Since club members included experienced builders and tradesmen, who directed the efforts of the inexperienced members, work proceeded quickly and efficiently and despite a late start the building was roofed in before snow flew.

The Smithers Curling Club has owned its own rocks since 1926, and at the present time possesses 64, which will allow all four sheets of ice to be in use at one time.

Though the building will not be fully completed until next spring, it is a fine example of community effort and club members feel justifiably proud of what they have accomplished. Undoubtedly, many an exciting evening will be spent under its roof this winter and every winter for years to come.

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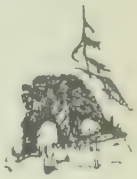
The First Earthquake in Yukon

A LEGEND OF THE YUKON INDIANS

Concerning the Origin of the Big Slide Back of Dawson City, Yukon.



Courtesy, British Yukon Navigation Company

During the latter part of the 18th century the Moosehide tribe of Indians, who lived near the mouth of the Tron Deg (Klondyke) River had a princess of whom they were very proud. Like Snow White in the fairy tale, she was the most beautiful girl living. And she was exceptionally clever too. None of the other girls were as well versed as she in the art of tanning the moose and caribou hides which were brought into camp by the men of the tribe; and the moccasins and clothing fashioned by her deft fingers were patterns which even the most experienced of the squaws despaired of copying.

She was the idol of the people.

The fame of her beauty and accomplishments reached a neighbouring tribe which lived a hundred miles to the south. The chief of this tribe heard about the princess, and it set him to thinking. If he could arrange a marriage between his son and this royal lady, it would serve a double purpose. Not only would the old quarrels over hunting and trapping grounds be settled, but it would bring to his son a wife befitting his station in the tribe. The old chief pondered over this for many days, and eventually decided to have his son and a few braves accompany him on a state visit to the Moosehides.

It was early in the month of June when they pushed their canoes into the Yukon and started downstream on their journey to the mouth of the Tron Deg River. Arriving at their destination, they were met by the chief of the Moosehides, who escorted them to the royal wigwam. After a feast of moose and caribou, the chief of the neighbouring tribe explained the object of his mission. In glowing terms he extolled the virtues of his son. Never was a young man born who was such a hunter and trapper. No brave in the world possessed such courage. Wouldn't it be to their mutual advantage if his host gave to the young suitor the hand of the princess in marriage?

The Moosehides were stunned. Such a thing as taking away their princess, the idol of every man, woman and child in the village, was unthinkable. The chief was asked by his counselors to forbid the match, or at least, to delay proceedings until they had time to think it over. Possibly something might happen to prevent their princess being taken away from them. They hoped so, anyway.

The visitors were tired after their long journey and, being assured that on the morrow they would be told whether the hand of the princess would be given to the young suitor, they lay down to sleep. By this time the news had spread through the Moosehide camp like wildfire, and the chief was beseeched by his subjects to forbid the wedding. Waving them aside he called a council of his advisors in an adjoining wigwam, where they could discuss ways and means of retaining the princess and still not offend their visitors.

It was finally decided that a task too difficult for any brave to perform was to be given to the young suitor, and if he failed, he lost the hand of the princess. He would be asked to show his prowess as a hunter, in order that he might prove himself worthy of such a bride. He was to agree to start out alone and return in one year with the skins of fifty grizzly bears, one hundred black bears, one hundred moose, one hundred caribou, and one thousand foxes.

The Moosehides were well pleased with the answer they had prepared. No brave could take that amount of game in a year. They could sleep now without any fear that their princess would be taken from them.

But they reckoned without their suitor. Long before his father was awake, the young brave was walking about the village when he spied the princess in front of her wigwam. Followung tribal custom, no words were exchanged; but one glance assured him that the fame of her beauty wasn't exaggerated. In fact it hadn't been half told. Then and there he decided that no obstacle should prevent his gaining the consent of her father ti their marriage.

During the morning another feast was prepared for the visitors. After partaking of it, the chief of the Moosehides gave his answer. Disappointment was plainly evident on the faces of the guests, excepting the young suitor, who showed no surprise at all. With the impetuosity of youth he whispered to his father to bind the bargain. Game was plentiful, he said, and he could easily take the required game in a year. After some discussion the father gave his consent, and the visitors left on their long

voyage upriver.

In five sleeps' time they reached their village, and without delay the young man quietly made preparations for his trip. On the following morning, long before any of his people were stirring, he set out alone.

Months went by, and the chief could get no information as to the whereabouts of his son. Neighbouring tribes had not seen him. The father despaired of finding his boy alive, when, during the following month of May, there was a great ado in the village. A raft was seen floating down the river, piled high with skins, and manned by a solitary hunter. The excitement grew when the raft was skillfully poled into the eddy and the hunter proved to be the chief's son. The raft was quickly unloaded and the skins counted. The old chief was greatly pleased when he saw that his son had bagged the required number. There should be no further delay to the wedding.

It was arranged that only a few braves were to accompany the suitor on his visit to the Moosehides, and as the allotted year would soon be up, they started down river at once. When they arrived at the mouth of the Tron Deg, disappointment was very evident among the Moosehides. The suitor had brought the required skins, and the only thing they could do was part with the princess.

They had no intention of giving her up however, if there was any way to prevent it. First, they would have a feast and sleep; then they would discuss the marriage.

While the visitors were sleeping, the chief of the Moosehides called his braves in council. He also summoned his medicine man, and asked him to find a way out of their difficulty. The medicine man promised a solution if they would obey his instructions. They were to prepare a feast and have a big dance on the following night. During the dance the braves were to separate. The visitors were to line up against the hill, and the Moosehides opposite them. The medicine man would then work his charm, and they would see what would happen.

The directions were carried out. The feast was prepared, and after all the food was eaten, the dance commenced. Toward the early part of the morning the braves separated. The visitors were in line at the very base of the hill, when the medicine man made strong medicine. Instantly there was a loud grumbling heard in the hillside, the earth suddenly moved, and before the startled visitors could escape they were buried in a huge slide.

This was the occasion for great rejoicing. The princess remained with her people to the end of her days.

Concluded on page 40

FRASER CANYON

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CACHE CREEK - GATEWAY TO CARIBOO

¶Little Johnny was spending his first night under his aunt Minnie's roof. She came in to hear him say his prayers. "You did beautifully, Johnny," she told him when he had finished.

"That was nothing," boasted Johnny. "You oughta' hear me gargle."

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Ford MONARCH

GOVERNMENT HUNTER BAGS RECORD NUMBER OF COYOTES IN SOUTH CARIBOO

As long as there are game animals and predators in the Cariboo and the Northwest there will be controversy over how best to eliminate the predators to preserve the game, for posterity and future generations of hunters Apart from a small group of "balance of nature" theorists, who say that everything is just lovely the way it is, there appear to be two major schools of opinion as to how best to eradicate the wolves, coyotes, and cougars which prey on our game; those who are in favour of doing away with government predator hunters and doubling bounties - and those who think that more government hunters is the only solution.

An experiment last winter wherein the Game Department hired a plane and two hunters to hunt wolves from the air in the Fort St. James area, proved both expensive and ineffective. However not all predator hunters are equally unsuccessful. In south Cariboo during the past summer and fall 283 coyotes were killed by hunter Marius Mortensen, who stated that he would have bagged many more had it not been for interference from Xmas Tree cutters and duck hunters.

He operated in the early part of the summer between 100 Mile House and Beaver Valley, killing in that area about 160 coyotes, before moving over to the Chilcotin country where he made a home base at the old Renner ranch on Bald Mountain. There he added 82 more coyotes to his rapidly mounting total before moving on to Hanceville, from where he is now operating.

Mr. Mortensen stated that of all the thousands of coyotes he has killed in his lifetime, the ones on the Bald Mountain range were the largest he had ever seen, and that he thought at first that he had run into a new species. In his opinion the majority of them were straight beef-eaters - killers of livestock, a great number of them being nearly as large as wolves and measuring ocassionally as broad as eight inches across the back.

The unusual size of the animals led Mr. Mortensen to examine and study them carefully. Upon opening several he found invariably that they were living either partly or entirely on beef.

During the entire season Mortensen saw but one wolf track, which indicates that cattle-herd depredations, of which ranchers have been complaining, are the work of coyotes rather than wolves. One hundred and fifty miles north, along the C.N.R. line between Prince George and Hazelton, trappers, hunters, and guides claim that wolves are the great predators; that they have been slowly moving down from the north during the past decade and surely if slowly killing off the moose and deer population.

From his base at Hanceville, Mr. Mortensen plans to operate in the area south of Chilcotin River as long as weather conditions permit. Ten predator hunters in Cariboo and Central B.C., each as successful as Mr. Mortensen would go a long way toward solving the predator problem.

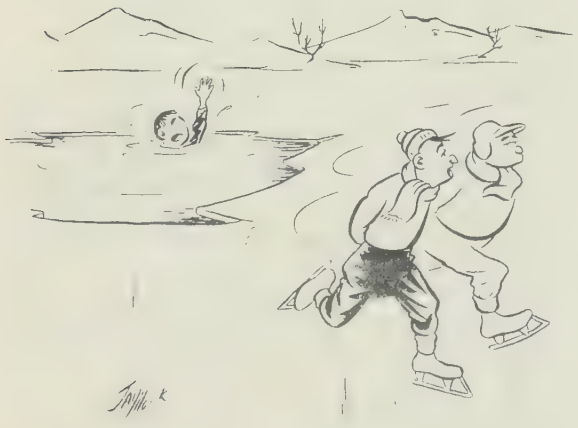
'..say Uncle..'

A wonderful bird is the pelican
His mouth can hold more than his belican
He can take in his beak
Enough food for a week.
I'm darned if I know how the helican.

Let a fool hold his tongue and he will pass for a sage.
- Seneca

I have no plan for the restoration of world trade but there will be 613 members of the new parliament who have.
- Alan Patrick Herbert
upon election to the House of Commons in 1935.

Life is a foreign language: all men mispronounce it. - Christopher Morely.



...just imagine...swimming in this kind of weather!"

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BRIDGE RIVER MEATS - General Store - Full line Groceries, Meats, Drygoods, Men's and Ladies' & Childrens Wear, Minto Mines, B.C.

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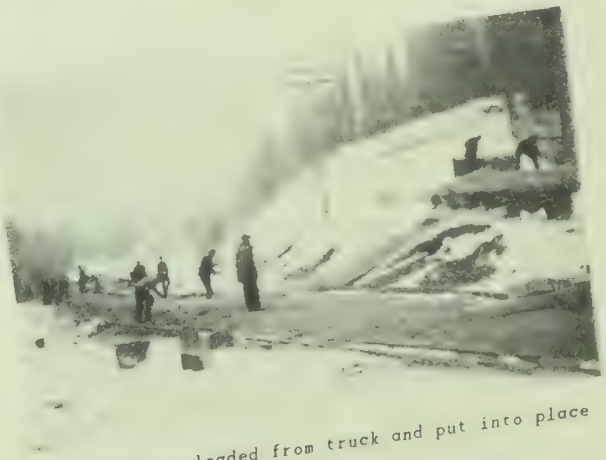
Being asked whether it was better to marry or not, he replied, "Whichever you do, you will repent it." -Diogenes.

P. G. E. Tracklaying Crews

P.G.E. worktrain bringing up another load of rails and plates for tracklaying crew rushing to finish siding at industrial site one mile north of Quesnel, B.C.

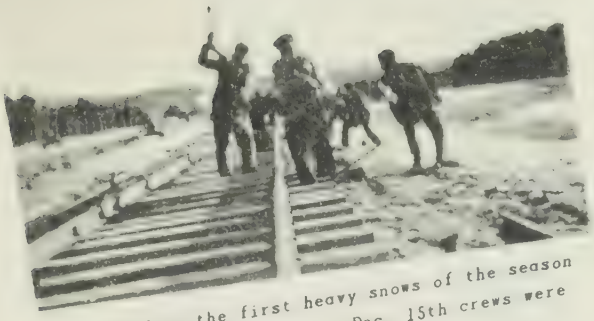
Load of track plates arriving for crew shown below which is busy trying to get siding complete before expected heavy snowfalls.



Ties being unloaded from truck and put into place

photos by:
CARIBOO PHOTO SERVICE
Quesnel, B.C.

Go To Work on Extension



A week before the first heavy snows of the season all but halted operatons on Dec. 15th crews were busy spiking down rails on two-mile flat.

First industrial set-up along northbound P.G.E. rails is 'Plateau Planer Mills', shown above, put into operation by V.P. Abear and J.J. Samson.during the first week of Dec. -49 First cars of lumber were hauled away on Dec. 15th. Capacity of mill is 30,000 f.b.m. per day.

End of steel two miles north of Quesnel. Just around corner to the left, a siding was put in to to serve industrial development set up alongside new extension. (see photo upper right corner)

Oil Hunt Closing In On The Northwest

CARIBOO TO BE PROSPECTED FOR OIL IF APPLICATION GRANTED

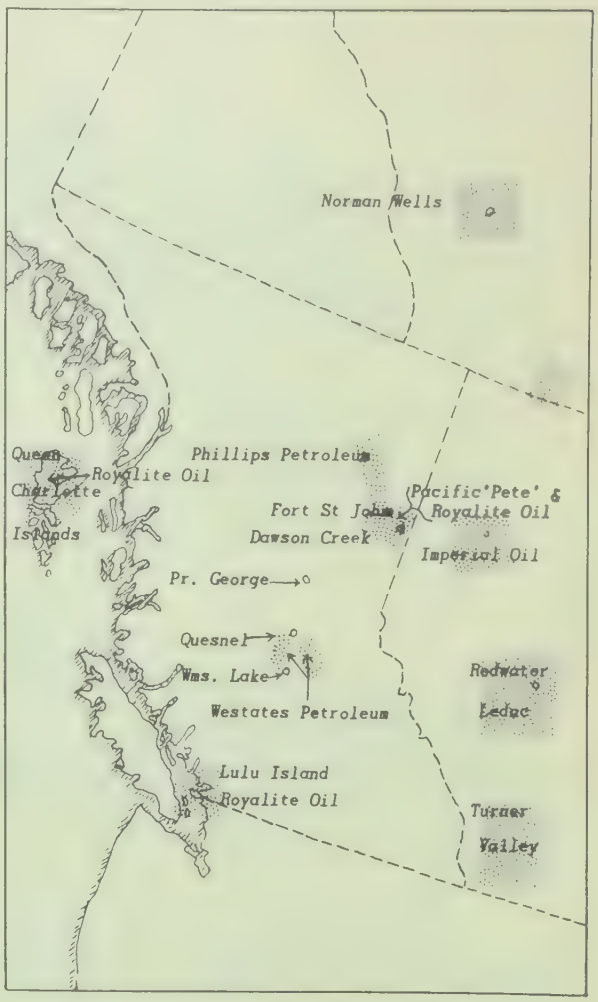
Despite the alleged uncooperative attitude of B.C.'s Coal and Petroleum Board, and provincial legislation which seems designed to keep (oil) venture capital outside her borders, British Columbia is at last having her gates crashed by an oil-hungry world.

Oil companies, big and small, seem determined, regardless of legislation or other difficulties, to extend their search into B.C. In December, 1949, no less than six applications were received by the B.C. Government for oil prospecting rights covering well over 300,000 acres in various parts of the province. During the year applications on hundreds of thousands of acres were granted to various companies including Pacific Petroleums and Royalite Oil Co., both of which companies during the month of November, were successful in bringing in gas wells with productive capacities in excess of 400,000 cu. ft. per day. This is but the start. Pacific Petroleum's well is the first of many holes to be drilled northwest of Dawson Creek in B.C.'s Peace River Block. Thirty-four miles southeast of this well, a Dept. of Public Works drill crew in drilling for water at the town of Pouce Coupe, struck a small flow of oil at a depth of nine hundred feet. The flow was sealed off - the drill crew was probing for water - not oil.. This was two years ago.

Northwest of Fort St. John, for a distance of a hundred miles or more, and covering an area of several hundred thousand acres, Phillips Petroleum have been quietly going ahead prospecting and mapping the geology of the country for the past two years. Late last fall, contracts were let to build roads branching off the Alaska Highway leading to the various locations where the company proposes to drill.

The Royalite Oil Co. was successful in bringing in 500,000 cu. ft. per day gas well on Lulu Island. This company is also drilling on the Queen Charlotte Islands where several surface oil seepages are said to occur, and in December also made application for prospecting rights in the Peace River area.

Westates Petroleum Corporation of San Francisco have applied for prospecting rights covering 75,000 acres southeast of Dragon Lake, near Quesnel and on the west bank of the Fraser River between Quesnel and Alexandria. (Oil seepages west of Quesnel are known to occur.) Applications from private individuals



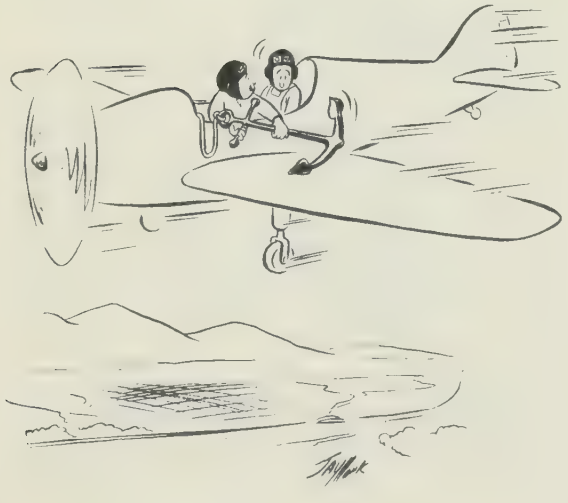
covering rights on Lulu Island and in the Peace River Block are also under consideration.

In the southwestern part of the U.S. are to be found two of this continent's most productive oil fields, one on either side of the Rocky Mountains - in California and in Texas. Today, with the Leduc and Redwater fields near Edmonton, the Turner Valley field to the south, the Lloydminster field near the Alberta - Saskatchewan boundary, and the two new (Imperial Oil Co.) wells brought in during the late fall just south of Peace River town (300 miles northwest of Edmonton) Alberta shows every indication of some day equalling the production of the Lone Star State. Apparently, the oil and gas belt on the east side of the Rockies extends from Texas on the south to Norman-Wells in the McKenzie River basin and Point Barrow on the north. The California

fields are proof enough that favourable formations exist west of the Rockies. How far north the 'West-of-the-Rockies' oil belt extends is anyone's guess. The word "guess" is correct.. The fact that the tremendously productive Leduc-Redwater fields lay undiscovered until two years ago indicates that oil, like gold, is "where you find it", and condemnation or approval by experts proves nothing until the ground is drilled.

Whether British Columbia and Alberta will prove to be another California-Texas combination remains to be seen. During the late fall of 1949 two gas wells were brought in. with an early start to drilling programs scheduled by the various companies for 1950 it is not too much to expect 4 to 5 new wells next year.

'You'll find this material will wear like iron'



...and when you want to stop..'

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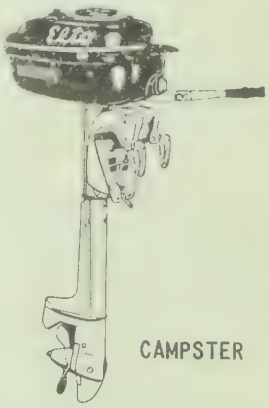
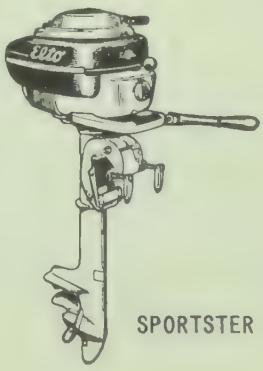
"ELTO" OUTBOARDS BACK ON CANADIAN MARKET

Famous Elto outboard motors are once again being manufactured in Canada by the Outboard, Marine and Manufacturing Company of Canada, Limited. The Elto line consists of three popular models in the most wanted sizes - the 3.0 h.p. Campster the 5.0 h.p. Sportster and 12.0 h.p. Speedster.



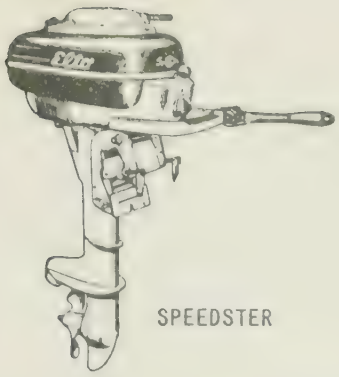
CAMPSTER

These "made in Canada" motors are quality motors with every quality feature, built by a famous Canadian company and bearing a famous outboard name. The Speedster and Sportster are alternate firing twins with built-in recoil starter. The Campster is a BALANCED single cylinder and weighs only 28 lbs. All horsepower ratings are certified by the Outboard Boating Club of America. Eltos have a nation wide dealer organization fully equipped with factory trained mechanics and genuine factory parts.



SPORTSTER

Campster: 3.0 h.p. O.B.C. certified at 4000 r.p.m. "Balanced" single cylinder; full pivot reverse; 1 1/2 to 10 m.p.h.; weighs only 28 lbs.



SPEEDSTER

Sportster: 5.0 h.p. O.B.C. certified at 4000 r.m.p. Alternate firing twin; recoil starter; full pivot reverse; weighs only 45 lbs.

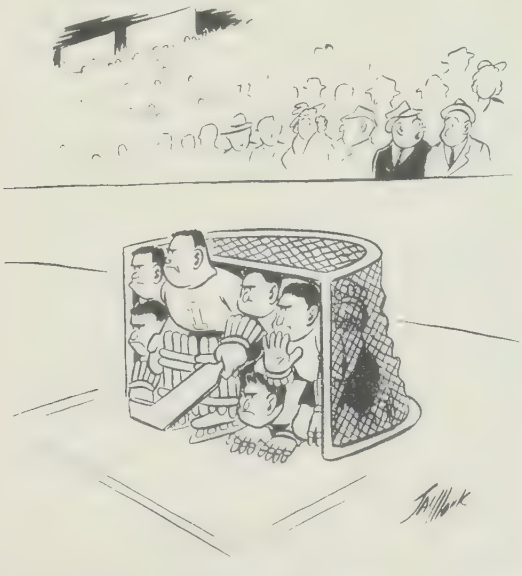
Speedster; 12.0 h.p. O.B.C. certified at 4000 r.p.m. Alternate firing twin; twist grip throttle control; weighs only 65 lbs.

¶Two boy scouts were camping out in the woods in Central B.C. and were hiding under the blankets to ward off hordes of mosquitos. One of the kids saw a couple of lightning bugs and said to his companion, "We might as well give up Tony. Those mosquitos are out searching for us with lanterns."

†††††††††††††

¶"I think you ought to stop taking sleeping pills every night," said the doctor to a well known Cariboo politician. "They're habit forming you know."

"Habit forming!" repeated the politician. "Don't be absurd. I've been taking them for twenty years."



'Certainly a defensive team, aren't they?'

QUESNEL, BRITISH COLUMBIA

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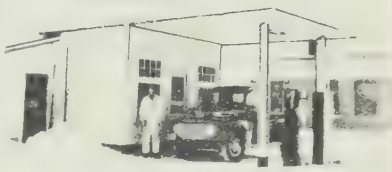

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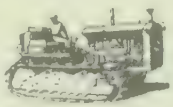

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four months of the year. In June, 1860, a contract was made with Franklin Way of Spuzzum and Josiah C.Beedy of Yale, to build this trail, as far as Spuzzum, for 4,400 pounds, payable by the delivery of eighty-eight bonds of 50 pounds each,bearing interest at six per cent, sixteen of which were redeemable on January 1, 1861 and 1862, and the remainder on January 1, 1863. This arrangement was afterwards altered. In August, 1860, the Gold Commissioner at Yale paid these contractors 300 pounds. Reporting this fact, he adds: "It is very necessary that I should have, as early as possible, the balance of the portion (1,000 pounds) which His Excellency, the Governor, promised should be paid to the above named contractors in cash - as they will be entitled to another large payment in a very few days." Thus, instead of the original agreement to accept payment in bonds, payment in cash had been substituted. The accounts for 1860 show the cost of this trail to have been 4,426 pounds. Messrs. Powers and McRoberts, in the same summer, built the trail from Spuzzum to Boston Bar at the mouth of Anderson River. Remains of this trail may yet be seen here and there usually at a higher elevation above the river than that at which the wagon road was afterwards built. The cost of this portion of the trail is given in the account of 1860 as 3,446 pounds. When the Governor made a tour of the colony in October, 1860, the trail was completed and open for traffic. "In riding over the face of these frowning cliffs, which a twelvemonth ago seemed to defy all efforts at improvement it was impossible to suppress a feeling of thankfulness and intense gratification at the successful issue of our labours and their probable influence on the trade and development of the country. The arduous part of this undertaking- excavating the mountain near Yale - was executed entirely by a detachment of Royal Engineers under Sergeant-Major George Cann, and it has been completed in a manner highly creditable to themselves and to the officers who directed the operation."

The plan of making future generations bear a share of the cost of roads and trails did not appeal to Douglas. The present must carry its own burdens. He has been much criticized for the introduction of the toll system; but, as will be shown when his fiscal policy is dealt with the colony received very little assistance from the mother land - indeed the Secretary of State for the Colonies stated in the House of Commons, "Never had any young colony cost so little as British Columbia." In October 1861, the Governor issued his first Toll Ordin-

ance, the preamble of which shows his viewpoint: "And whereas, in the course of the past year the cost of carriage to points beyond said mountains (i.e., the Cascades) has been lessened by fully the moiety thereof, viz., by sums varying from 6 pence to 1 shilling on the carriage of each pound weight avoirdupois." By that proclamation he levied a toll of 1 shilling on every fifty pounds of goods carried beyond Douglas in the direction of Lillooet, a similar rate on goods carried by land or water from Yale in the direction of Spuzzum, and from Hope in the direction of Boston Bar or Similkameen. Miners' packs not exceeding 30 pounds and goods bona fide the property of Indians were exempt from this charge. Evasion of tolls was to be treated as smuggling, subjecting the offender to a penalty and to forfeiture of the animals and vehicles employed.

Early in 1861 the excitement at Rock Creek in the Okanagan induced the Governor to undertake to replace the Dewdney trail with a wagon road. This work was in charge of Captain Grant, R.E., who, with a party of eighty sappers and ninety civilians, completed it by October to the Skagit Flats, a distance of about twenty-five miles. Beyond that point this party merely changed the location of the trail to obtain a better grade, for, by this time, the Cariboo country had become a veritable magnet, drawing to itself, by the glowing reports of its richness, the miners of the lower country.

MULE TEAMS AND CAMELS

The great Cariboo wagon road - the Appian way of British Columbia - reaching from Yale to the heart of the mining region, amidst the tumultuous mountain masses of Cariboo - had not yet been dreamed of. The boldest financier might well hesitate and draw back when from the mule trail or the Upper or Lower Canyon trails, he surveyed the Little Canyon and the Big or Black Canyon of the Fraser and estimated the cost of a passable wagon road where a goat could scarce have gained foothold. We now approach the commencement of that eighth wonder of the world. As a necessary result of its construction, the picturesque mule trains soon passed away, for they could not compete successfully with freight wagons. It is fitting therefore, that a few words should be inserted descriptive of this early means of conveyance, now disappeared forever.

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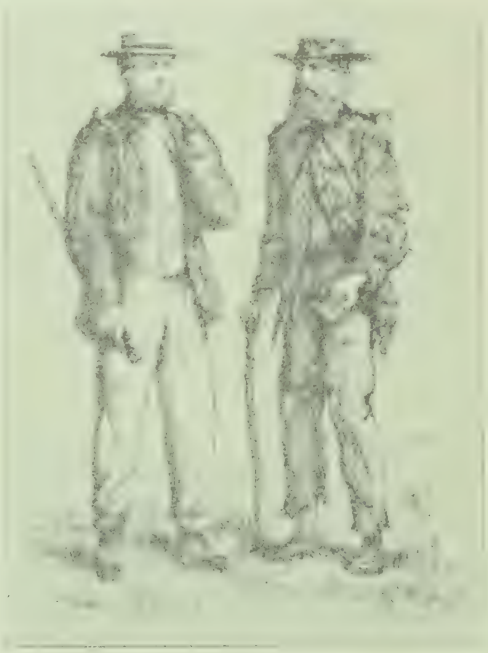
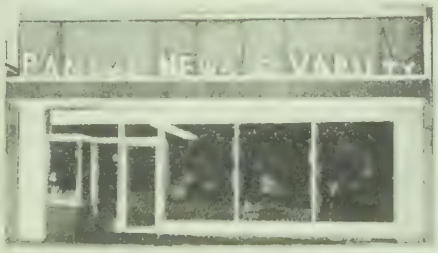
The mule trains usually consisted of from sixteen to forty-eight animals. No pack saddles were used; in their stead, a rough sort of leather sack, filled with straw and called an aparajoe, was girded tightly upon the mule's back. Upon this was lashed the freight (two hundred and fifty or even four hundred pounds), and secured with the celebrated diamond hitch. A bell animal, usually a white mare, led the train. There was no control over the mules when packing, though each knew its place. Besides a cook and a superintendent, or cargodore, there was a crew, as they were called, consisting of one man for every eight animals. The packers first followed the Brigade trail from Yale to the crossing of Anderson River, made their way down that river to Boston Bar, thence they took an Indian trail over Jackass Mountain to Lytton. When Powers and McRoberts built the trail from Spuzzum to Boston Bar along the left bank of the Fraser the packers took that route instead of the Brigade trail. In detail the route was, 1st day Yale to Spuzzum; 2nd. day, Spuzzum to Lake House; 3rd. day, Lake House to Thousand Dollar Bill on top of the hill from Boston Bar: 4th day, Thousand Dollar Bill to Butcher Flats; 5th day, Butcher Flat to Boothroyd Flat; 6th day, Boothroyd Flat to Kanaka Bar; 7th day, Kanaka Bar to Lytton; 8th day, Lytton to Nicomen; 9th. day, Nicomen to Cook's Ferry. Four miles

A FARMSTEAD IN BRITISH COLUMBIA



TO THE DIGGINGS AND FROM THE DIGGINGS

beyond Cook's Ferry the Thompson was left and the remainder of the route to Quesnel Forks was made in seventeen or eighteen days. The rate of travel was about fifteen miles a day. On this part of the journey there were no regular day's travel; the camping places depended upon water and feed for the train. The trip upward occupied about a month; the return a little less. Three trips were made in a season. Nevertheless, packing was the most lucrative of employments. The train soon paid the capital expense, and then great profits were made. Early in 1861 the rate from Yale to the Forks of Quesnel was $1.00 a pound. From that point to Antler,



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before the trail was made, Indians packed for 40 cents a pound. The rate fell as soon as pack trains could reach Antler Creek. In the summer of 1861 the charge for packing from Yale to Quesnel Forks had fallen to forty cents a pound, and thence to Williams Creek to 20 cents a pound. In July, 1861, four hundred and eight pack animals left Yale for the Cariboo mines.

Even in 1866 the mule teams were still largely employed in the carrying trade of the colony. Langley's Pacific Coast Directory for that year, which, so far as British Columbia and Vancouver Island were concerned, was carefully compiled by Legh Harnett, gives two thousand, two hundred and thirty-two animals owned by some seventy merchants and packers. Amongst the principal owners of mule teams were the Hudson's Bay Company, The Western Union Extension Telegraph Company, Uriah Nelson & Co., Oppenheimer & Co., Messrs. Barlow, Romano, Black, Levi, Davis, Thomas, Scott, Hutchison, Coxon, Burnett, O'Brien, Bates, Evans Bros., Kimball & Gladwin, McDonald & Phair, Sherman, Alway & Bailey, Saul & Co., Roper, Lane, Smith & Ladner, T.E. Ladner, Turk, Crawford & Wilson, Kirkpatrick, Loring, Jack, Robbins, Vedder & Co., Barnes & Co., Dietz, Girod & Guichon, McCullum, Allison, Ward, Bohanon, DeNuvion, Peters, and Kwong Lee & Co.

Besides the mule trains, there was introduced into the colony, in 1862, another pack animal, a stranger to our climate, the camel. Mr. Frank Laumeister, a prominent merchant and packer, was the originator of the scheme. It was thought that an animal that could carry a thousand pounds, subsist on sage bush, travel thirty or forty miles a day, and go for six to ten days without water would be a success in the new colony. Camels had been used in 1857-8 by the United States Government in connection with the army transport service in Texas and lower California. With this knowledge Mr. Laumeister procured a band of 21. They arrived in May, 1862 and were at once sent to Douglas to pack on the portages, as the Douglas-Lillooet road was called. Though they could easily carry twice the load of a mule and pick their own forage, they were not entirely satisfactory. The rough rocky trails with intervals of marsh and muddy ground were unsuitable for animals whose feet were accustomed to sand. Yet they remained in the business of packing for over a year and made regular trips to Cariboo. They were a great annoyance to the mules on the trail; the latter became quite unmanageable when they scented the strange beasts. Several accidents occured in consequence. Litigation

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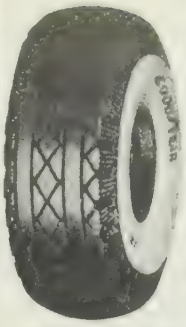

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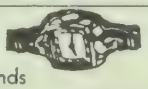
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arose, and the owners deemed it the part of wisdom to withdraw them from the road. Some of them were brought to the coast and disposed of, but the remainder were taken over to the Thompson River and turned out to spend their declining days far from their Arabian homes. For years they were a source of terror to horses and mules in the vicinity; the last survivor died about 1905.

NEXT ISSUE - The CONSTRUCTION OF THE CARIBOO ROAD

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'...he's got the makings of a champion....now if we can only get him to wear skates!''

The BEST WEEK-END EVER - cont. from page 11

"Good-morning-and-where's-our-breakfast?" Someone's foot from the upper bunk had settled squarely on Mary's face. Even getting up was a study in synchronization.

"The snow is perfect," a voice shouted. "Two inches of powder on crust!" - A skier's wish come true.

"I am disappointed," Sitz announced as he stamped in at the door. "I always thought those places came complete with an Eaton's catalog!"

Breakfast was over. Whisky jacks tugged each other around on pieces of hotcakes, or choked themselves happily on bacon rind. Skiers fastened on cables, rolled up their sleeves, loaded cameras, adjusted goggles and headed up into the warm spring snow-fields. Lunches were light in the rucksacks, and even the climb over Elk was sheer bliss.

Not far away to the east, the Bear Lake Mountains were piled in a panorama of chipped ice. In the foreground stretched the long barren top of Bald Mountain. Out of the V to the front loomed the ice-blue brow of Burdett, and immediately in front - almost touchable - was Agnes with her rugged and intricate majesty.

Silently, Elk Mountain was falling away behind us, and the beautiful shoulders of Agnes came rushing to meet us. Long swift turns, sharp clean christies were executed and the snow was floating out from the ends of flashing skiis. Here and there, the skiis chattered over wind-carved stairways. Surprise spills came and went.

We climbed around the rocky face of Agnes and over her cairn-ed crown. From there, we dreamed of drifting down the endless, stretching snowfields-too many for our treasured hours.

But those we enjoyed were good - beautiful sun-splashed aisles of time skied into our memories.

We stood in a group in the saddle between Agnes and Elk - readying to start home to the cabin. Chocolate bars were shared, the colorful wrappers frisking away with the breeze. An eighteenth century sunset of rose and lilac powdered the peaks, and the clusters of stunted spruce had turned to twisted gold.

We waited for the 'Maestro,' who with his years of skiing for competetion and enjoyment had gone far afield over peak and ravine. Soon he was seen at the peak of Agnes, standing beside the cairn which appeared no bigger than a wart. He turned his skiis into the descent, and we watched breathlessly the skill we so much admired. The long, clean cut of the schusse, the lightning inter-linking of perfect

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christies, the absolute direction of skiis prescribed by a master engineer. Then he was out of sight; but no one stirred; no eye moved from the centre of expectancy. On this crest of the shoulder before us, a sudden burst of snow haloed a skier in flight. Each of us knew we watched our goal of perfection as he whirled toward us. Written into those thrilling lines were the lessons we had to learn - punctuated by deftly-flicking ski poles.

In those moments, the sport of millions signified its greatness. There is no dependency upon any other man in skiing. It is the mountains who challenge - the eternal mountains with their eternal snows. And it is good to see a skier, who can add to that eternity, a flawless scroll.

Now it was my turn - my moment to show and use the skill I had acquired with years of ski-worship. My friends paused in their climbing. Gordy moved back rather hurriedly from the supposed line of descent.

It was clear in my mind, the trail I was about to carve - a long series of intertwinings that would be the envy of my audience; the RUN they would long talk about on future treks.

I went through the motions on the spot, a sort of warmer-upper, for this great slide below me was certainly no nursery slope. First to the left, then over to the right and around the out-jutting rock- a SPECTACLE, to be sure!

I knew I must push off. Sideline skiers were urging me to do so before the snow melted. And I did. A deep bend of the knees, one mighty push with those glittering steel poles, and I was gone swiftly and decisively far out of sight....not ten feet from where I took off.

An ice age seemed to be upon me, but finally voices began to creep through; also the wrong ends of ski poles. I had performed an act long to be remembered, I'm sure; one that will be long talked about.

Sitz forthwith went into the realms of advice I had offered him about an hour before. And I sat down to listen. Sensing my humiliation, Sitzy added some musical words for a beginner.

"I decided this afternoon that I'll probably be skiing when I am an old man with whiskers."

"But Sitz," I exclaimed, feeling that there might be thin ice in the remark, "You couldn't you'd have to cut them off."

"Oh no, I won't. I'll use them for climbing skins," he replied, skiing away with telltale ability.

A family of ptarmigan near by were stitching snow blankets together with fragile feet. Down below, the marks of early morning ski poles seemed to rivet the meadows in long lines. The sun was lemon yellow away in the west. All trails pointed one way - back over the high

Looking over to Bald Mountain and Bowron Lake Range from the peak of Mt. Agnes.

stretches of Elk to the cabin.

And there, on the last dip to the cabin, we found Sitz struggling under a collapsible snow bank. Gordy and I levered his skiis loose, and like a man, healthily tired from a day of skiing, he managed to pull himself level with his ski poles.

"Better take those branches out of your hair." I suggested.

"Oh, they're branches," he exclaimed. "I thought I'd run into a moose."

The six o'clock smell of bacon and eggs tumbled up the slope in a puff of wind.

This had been our day. The suntan oil flowed freely that night. The fire crackled as usual, but there was more comfort to be found in distance.

"Oh for that snowbank I was stuck in today." mourned Sitzy. "Why did I ever leave it.?"

The next day we were to seek other trails and sadly, the trail back to town. We would douse the fire, cap the stovepipe, make our entry in the log book, and leave kindling for next time. For here was a place where we could always come and find contentment.

Down into Barkerville we poled - almost home, our weekend almost done. Here it was summer, they joked, for there were hardly six feet of snow left.

"I would never have believed it," said Sitz, a veteran now. "But I know I'm coming back. Only once up there, and now its a habit."...

So I look at the letter in my hand, and I know as Sitz knows that the mountains have the last laugh.

As Sitz dismounted from a streetcar out Dunbar way, he slipped on the rain-washed pavement, breaking his ankle and an arm.

'Thank you so much for the best weekend, ever Sitzy.'

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GEORGE MURRAY'S BRIEF - cont. from. pg. 12

Pacific, and then goes meandering over the winding paths into the south, when the Pacific is directly to the west of us. Any railway that is going to serve this northland as it should be served, must go through the Peace Pass and thus develop the coal, mineral and water resources that Sir Donald referred to, and then on to Finaly Forks of which Samuel O'Ferrell spoke of as a large junction of railways.

If one would look at the new government map which is laid out at a scale of 64 miles to one inch, he would find it is 150 miles direct line from Finlay Forks to Hazelton on the old G.T.P. Railway, 180 miles northeast of Prince Rupert; and it is also 150 miles from Finlay Forks southeast to Prince George, but Prince George is 55 miles east of Finaly Forks. Could this be considered a direct line to the Pacific?

In Mr. Murray's 34-page brief he gives some space to military protection and the Russian fliers who were at the airports of the North-west route during the war, and the knowledge they gained of the country.

But, may we wonder if it entered his mind (and if his mind is as broad as his shoulders, it should) there were more ship and train-loads of troops and ammunition passed through Prince Rupert during the Hitler war than went through Vancouver, Victoria and Seattle combined protecting the North-west Staging route Mr. Murray is so uneasy about. And; while the United States government spent some $ 16,000, ooo. on military and port fixtures in Prince Rupert, yet, when the Americans folded their tents and moved hence, our people had, nor could find any use for the port fixtures they left behind. And yet, if it were possible to extend the Alaska panhandle south to the Skeena River, Prince Rupert would become a No. 2 Hong-Kong before we staged our next election.

The harbors of Sidney, Australia, Halifax, N.S. and Prince Rupert are classed as the three number one harbors of the world. And Prince Rupert is on an average 500 miles nearer the various ports of Asia than is Vancouver, which means a ship making a round trip to Asia and back, sails an extra 1,000 miles in order to pass up our northern port. According to a letter I have from the Vancouver harbor commission there, 415 of those sailings in 1936, which means there were 415,000 miles of extra sailing done in that year to put traffic on C.P.R. trains for the trans-continental route, Again, it is claimed Prince Rupert is two days sailing nearer to Asiatic ports than is Vancouver; thus, by consulting the timetable, it will be seen that 48 hours would put trans-Canada

traffic in Winnipeg by the time the other boat docked at Vancouver. And yet, if some unknown power started to build a dozen trans-Canada railways, Mr. Murray and all like-minded Canadians would have the Pacific terminal of each of them in Vancouver. These people may learn, when it is a little late, that we cannot build this Canada of ours to be a power amongst the nations of the world with only one port as far south as we can put it. And we are expecting our next trouble to come from the north ----as sure as the sun rises and sets we cannot build up a strong port on the northern Pacific by switching all keel and rail traffic away from it. How would it be if instead of Mr. Murray meandering his railway 150 miles southeast to Prince George, he headed it the same 150 miles from Finlay Forks to Hazelton, and put coal bunkers at our northern port to supply the ships of the western seas with the highest grade coal in the world. What would that mean to Prince Rupert, Hudson's Hope and Hazelton? Yes, what would it mean to all this northland of ours?

In the last six years I have travelled our northland pretty thoroughly; I have covered it from Prince Rupert to Fort Churchill, from the Valley of the Peace to the waters of the Yukon, and, as I learned of its vastness, I more and more looked upon it as a great corridor across the top of the west, and I became more and more convinced that it is quite impossible for the country as a whole to come into its own while it is served by a mess of branch lines off what is described in the Hansard of our parliament as our "Fat and Lazy Railways."

Go to the Battlefords and Prince Albert and observe how the C.P.R. is working-in on the C.N.R., and between Prince Albert and Hudson Bay Junction where C.P.R. freight trains at various C.N.R. stations are playing the traffic sneak-thief game. Then, consider our Peace River country being tied up with a branch-line system managed by the C.N.R. and C.P.R. in such a way they can hold up a $1,500,000. deficit before the people each year.

Consider the federal government of the day gave the infant C.P.R. 750 miles of railway with rolling stock as a starter and the government of Manitoba bought some 400 miles of branch lines from the Northern Pacific Railway and turned them over to Mackenzie and Mann, which made the foundation for their Canadian Northern Railway.

Surely the time has come when our federal government should take a hand in this game, and relieve our "Fat and Lazy Railways" of their interest in all this corridor across the

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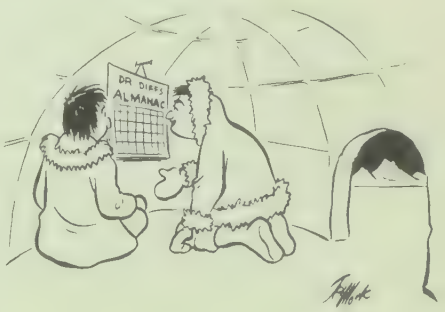
top of the west. Then call for an independent corporation, as Sir John MacDonald did in 1880 to consolidate the many fractions of lines into a trunk railway through this corridor across the top of the west, as per attached map, and protect our new corporation against our "Fat and Lazy Railways" just as the C.P.R. was protected by their monoply clause in 1880.

'....now THAT'S what I call being prepared.'



'It says tomorrow will be sunny...that's a laugh, we won't see the sun for two months yet.'

THE FIRST EARTHQUAKE IN THE YUKON

Continued from page 21

The old squaws still caution the youngsters not to venture toonear the slide after dark. On moonlight nights, to the accompaniment of loud wails, the ghosts of the buried braves can be seen treading the steps of the ancient dance which was being danced on that fateful night; and while the youngsters csoff at this and contend that the howls emanate from a pack of malamutes in a voice testing chorus, the old squaws, with wise nods, say they know better, and point silently to the scars of an ancient slide behind the gold town of Dawson City, which now occupies the flat at the mouth of the Tron Deg River.

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CHERISHED MEMORIES - cont. from page 18

We had enjoyed the novelty of the trip, but nevertheless were glad to set foot in Barkerville. Mr. Bowron, the government agent, met us, and with great kindness offered to put us up, explaining that it was pay-day for the roadmen, and he felt the hotel would not be a restful place for us. We thankfully accompanied him to his home, where Mrs. Bowron waited to make us comfortable.

It was bitterly cold next morning, with the wind blowing a gale, but we set out eagerly to look at our new home, leaving the children with Mrs. Bowron. The "furnished living-quarters" were a bit of a shock, consisting of a long shed divided into three small rooms. A single layer of rough boards with battens nailed over the cracks, constituted the walls, except to the side attached to the church proper. Inside a sort of heavy cheesecloth known as house-lining had been stretched over the boards, and on this lining was pasted wall-paper of gaudy pattern and colors. With such sparse protection from the weather the rooms were frightfully cold in winter, even with a fire going in each room.

The reputed furniture was even more disheartening; one wooden bedstead with a hay mattress, a broken rocking chair, and one kitchen chair, not much of an outlook for a family of five. It seemed incredible - what were we to do? Providence, however, in the person of Mr. Champion, took a hand. A mining engineer, Mr. Champion had a house of his own, and now offered to send all his household effects furniture, stoves, everything to the rectory. He himself would move into the hotel; all he had was at our disposal. Was there ever such kindness? That is the thing I remember and treasure the most, the thoughtfulness and kindness of the people.

All that chill day we worked, settling the furniture, procuring blankets and food at Roger's general store, and by night, with the cold driven back, and further warmed by the goodness we had encountered, we felt well established.

Next morning we awakened to the sound of rustlings and a subdued clucking, seeming to come from the church. Investigation showed that the sounds came, not from inside the church, but from underneath. The church, built on posts, was open underneath, and in this sheltered place we saw an odd sight, cages and cages of hens, scratching and clucking. Apparently it was the accepted spot to keep one's poultry. Mr. Bowron however, soon saw to it that their owners removed them.

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From the first day we felt that we "belonged" in Barkerville, and looked forward to Sunday and our initial service there. The little organ, the gift of Madame Burdette Coutts, was an object of great interest, for it had been brought in on the backs of patient mules. It stood at the foot of the chancel waiting Miss Lottie Bowron's skill. There were some hymnbooks already there, the supply augmented by a few we had brought along. Some fourteen worshippers attended that first service, simple in form to suit the various denominations represented, as has always been the custom in pioneer settlements.

Besides ministering to the Barkerville people my husband travelled far afield, by stage and on horseback, holding services at Stanley, Cottonwood House, Soda Creek, Quesnelle, Horsefly, Quesnelle Forks, and into the Chilcotin to Beech's stopping-house at Hanceville, and the Moon Ranch. I would have liked to accompany him, but perforce had to stay home with the children.

Though Barkerville was at that period small compared to the boom days of forty-five years before, the place was interesting and lively, sometimes roistering. Once I saw two women fighting on the sidewalk, which was built up high, usung broomsticks for weapons. They went at it right lustily until one of the combatants was knocked off into the road, which ended the battle. The miners were hard workers and played hard too. Mr. Yolland loved to visit them on the creeks and listen to their talk of strikes. No matter how many dreams of a paystreak went down the stream, there were always more to be cherished. There was a hospital just for the miners; Dr. Callaghan was in charge, and Tommy Fletcher was his assistant, Other people who fell ill recovered at home, Mrs. Stone being in much demand as a nurse.

One of our first problems was that of water. The custom was to haul it from the creek in cans, but we used so much that shortly after arriving we made a deal with the Chinese laundryman to fill our waterbarrel each day for fifty cents. That made quite a sum a month, but when I tried to get it cheaper later on he upbraided me severely, not for the money but for the amount of water I used.

"By and by baby die!" he scolded, "You wash him too much. Nobody wash much here!' He didn't approve of our laundry either.

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St. Saviours Church, Barkerville - built in 1869.

The first day I had it bundled in a sheet ready for him to shoulder, but to my astonishment he twisted the sheet open, dumped the contents on the floor, and protested vehemently as he scanned them.

"No, no!" he exclaimed. "No baby clothes! Only man's shirt and lady's blouse!"

Sheets and pillow cases he would do too, but children's things, no! So I became my own washerwoman.

An enterprising chap, that Oriental! No hauling water for him; he laid pipes from the creek to his laundry. Furthermore, though scorning "too much wash" he catered to others' desire for cleanliness. A small lean-to attached to the laundry was divided into two compartments, pipes laid on, and in each was installed a BATH! Constructed of wood, these luxury tokens were shaped like boats, plain outside, painted white inside. And here for twenty-five cents, one was allowed two coal-oil cans of hot water, and all the cold one wanted.

The social life of the town was somewhat meager, but we had a happy time nevertheless. Occasionally there were dances, which I enjoyed immensely. The dance hall, near the firehall had been built in the "Hurdy-Gurdy" times. On special occasions such as Christmas, with the men in from the creeks, a dance lasted three nights, days being used for sleeping and imperative work. To the music of two violins-

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CHOP SUEY Chinese Dishes a Specialty CHOW MEIN

Johnny Houser played one - and a mouth-organ we spun around in waltzes, quadrilles, the Circassian Circle, and so on. As I recall, Mr. House officiated as caller for the square dances. We also did the lively Berlin Polka and the Schottiche. Once when dancing the latter my partner and I were well on the way to outlasting all others, but suddenly my hairpins fell out, and with my hair streaming in all directions I was forced to retire from the fray.

Good friends and companions we had, the Borrows, Mr. Champion, his son and daughter-in-law (Maggie Houser) and Mrs. Stone the postmistress - these and others made our stay a happy one. At quiet times there was always Eaton's catalog to mull over; indeed, it was the most popular book in Barkerville. Practically all clothes came from Eaton's; other necessities were bought at Rogers'. Prices were high except for meat, which was always cheap. Our firewood in eightfoot lengths, was supplied by the milkman, known as Hurdy-Billy, due to his wife having been one og
having been one of the dancing-girls. Billy's wife sold her good homemade bread, and though I made ours, occasionally my husband would buy some from her, at which time she always presented him with two buns for the children. The only time I walked up to purchase some

bread, it wasn't ready. The dough, Mrs. Billy explained, hadn't risen during the chill night, but was now well on the way, for as soon as "He" had risen from bed she had opportunely popped it into the warm place he had vacated, pulling the blankets over it!

Of all the seasons I liked spring the best. One day the land would be smothered in snow, the next a trickle of muddy water would drip down a steep bank, a patch of brown earth would show through, and we knew that soon the valley would come alive again. And oh, when a Chinook wind soughed through the streets! Like magic it cut the snow and broke open the creeks, so that almost overnight they became raging brown torrents. One floodtime the bulkhead on Williams Creek collapsed suddenly, and the water cascaded down the main street, carrying with it loose planks, garbage cans, even dogs. Woodpiles were undermined, and the carefully stacked logs swept downstream, to be raked in by opportunists farther down. It was three days before we could get out of the house and the town returned to its normal course.

Yes, spring brought new life, new people, open roads, the call of returning birds, fresh grass and bright flowers. On Easter Sunday the church would be full, everyone dressed in their best, and the church gay with potted flowers loaned by the good people of the town.

Mosquito-ridden summer quickly supplanted spring. The men used the long hours of daylight to get in extra time on the creeks, - no thought of dances then. The short season gave place to autumn, gold and brown leaves, a tang in the air, and talk of the year's clean-up. Sometimes Indian summer was an added delight; other years chill winds and gray skies heralded winter's approach. Shortly the bareness of the land was hidden as the snow drifted endlessly down. Now was the time to get neglected tasks done, to knit socks, mittens, and caps for the family. A good time too to catch up with our reading. We subscribed to two Vancouver papers, the Daily World and the News Advertiser, and to the Family Herald and Weekly Star, then published in Toronto. And by the way I've received it ever since. Besides these, we took a church paper, Missionary Work in the Far West, Munsey's Magazine, and the Spectator. Sometimes in winter the mail wouldn't come for ages, except for letters brought in by Sandy Lock's dog-team.

At Christmas we held special services, including a midnight one, very well attended. My husband organized a choir, mostly men, though there was, I remember, Lottie Bowron, Nellie House, a Mrs. Wilson, and of course myself. Our home was a gathering place for men who found there a link with their old life, and many a jolly evening we had, with the organ brought in from the church, singing the old familiar songs, - Soldiers of the Queen, Sweet Rosy O'Grady, and Jingle Bells. The Daughtery girl would give us Annie Laurie, followed by the lot of us chorusing, Climbing Up The Cariboo Road.

Two factors, however, gradually brought our life in Barkerville to a close. Though my husband's health was noticeably improved, the burden of his long trips was too much for him. His salary too, was so inadequate, only $400. per annum, that we simply could not continue as things were, and so when the third spring came round my husband wrote to the Bishop explaining the circumstances, and also pointing out how unsuitable Barkerville was as headquarters, situated as it was at the northernmost end of the parish. The correspondence concluded satisfactorily, we prepared to move, with great regret at leaving such kind, hospitable people. However, we were not going too far from them, and so packed our boxes with lighter hearts. Last visits were paid and a farewell service held. A few days more, then the day of departure. We took our places in the stage, waving goodbyes as the wheels rolled and the faces of our friends grew dim. In a few minutes Barkerville lay behind us, but with us went the wealth of experience gained there, and the love in our hearts for the town and its people.

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MANHUNT....continued from page 15

His rifle roar on the river shore was
answer to his wrong,
With screeching hell of bursting shell he
opened his battle song.
The law retired, and charged and fired, and
then retired again,
Till they knew full well no rifle shell could
pierce the trapper's den.
Though crude bombs hurled just rocked the
world, and shattered the massive door,
The trapper still kept up his shrill and
whining bullet-war.
At last the law retiring saw their dwindling
food supply,
And shells were few, and the Mounties knew
they must come for another try.

But the trapper's lair was cold and bare
upon their grim return,
And the trail-wise crew could find no clue;
no hint of where to turn.
A search began for the hunted man where
even the dog-teams crawl,
Where frozen creeks and craggy peaks, and
crooked canyons spawl;
Where men must crush through tangled
brush, and trails were never known,
Where the trapper'd gone by day and dawn,
and fought his way alone,
With a devil's goad he packed his load --
no husky sled he had,
And 'twas often said in days ahead 'twas
proof that he was mad.

Grim days went by, and at last on high, on
a rock and brush plateau,
They saw rough-made a barricade, and the
trapper crouched in the snow.
Their quarry fell as a well-aimed shell
opened the battle-raid;
In the frozen day for hours he lay behind
the barricade.
Each grim faced man of the law began to
stalk for the final fight,
And swift as a storm the leaping form of
of the trapper shot into sight,
And as he sprang his rifle sang, and rained
a hail of death,
And a Mountie moaned and writhed and
groaned and gasped his mortal breath.

The northland rose in wrathful throes, and
sworn to the law of the Crown,
Went men afire with the staunch desire to
hunt the trapper down;

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And overhead on wings there sped the veteran pilot, May,
To carry supplies through storming skies, along the manhunt way.
But the battle raid on the barricade had forced the trapper's flight,
And the trail he took had a hurried look where it haunted the foothill height.
With never a rest the trapper prest across the high divide,
And close behind the man-hunt grind came down the Yukon side.

More and more of trail-wise lore the trapper used each day,
As he watched them fail on the caribou trail where he had gone his way;
As he turned in his track and doubled back across a dozen streams,
And hidden saw how the men of the law were caught in his cunning schemes.
But the snows grew deep, and hunger's creep had thinned him to a ghost,
And each day showed the "Mountie-Code" was not an idle boast.
And now the might of his six-foot height was but an empty shell,
He fought the snows of the driven snows, and a thousand times he fell.

O'er storming waste he ploughed in haste, though his feet were things of lead,
And forward and back they followed his track as over the wilds he fled,
O'er crag and hill with iron will he dragged his frozen form,
And over the creeks and the Yukon peaks the blizzard hurled its storm.
And the ice-winds pierced, and the storms were fierce and unrelenting foes,
In the dingy gray of feeble day he stumbled in the snows;
And ever the law came down the draw that was the river bed,
With bushmen's skill the hugged each hill, remembering their dead.

The trapper turned while bullets burned, and blasted in the snow,
And, deadly aimed, his rifle flamed, and lay a Mountie low.
A leaden hail swept o'er the trail, and smashed the trapper down,
Behind his pack in the battle wrack he fired at the men of the Crown;
And around the draw crept the men of the law, with rifle sighted low,
And a hail of lead to the trapper sped, and his body slumped in the snow;
And he didn't rise with red-rimmed eyes, and leap and shoot and slay,

As he had done with flaming gun upon that
that other day.

For Death had crushed queer thoughts that
rushed, and tumbled in his mind,
And bitter cold and hunger's hold - - all
that was left behind;
And his blackened hands were icy bands,
stiff as his frozen legas,
And they showed how he'd lain at the well
of pain, and drank it to the dregs.
This was the man whose hard trails ran
from that grim Rat River fort,
Who hurled his flaws into broken laws and
found his fate was short.
On the "mystery-roll" of the man-hunt
scroll is written the trapper's name,
But no one knows just who he was, from
whence, nor why he came.

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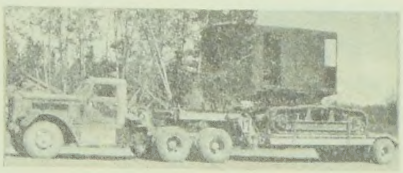

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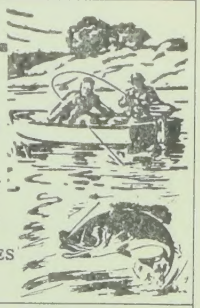

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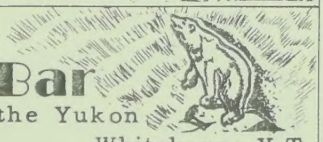

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attached to their license. Such corporations do not gamble, and Mr. Kenney publicly stated that he did not expect them to.....

On the basis of yearly production, Columbia Cellulose's estimated 100 million f.b.m. per year cut would necessitate a licensed area covering 10 billion feet of timber - or twenty times the size of the Western Plywood license. Obviously the large company would have to employ twenty times as many men, or take twenty times as long - if it were to submit a plan equal to the one submitted by the Western Plywoods at Quesnel. They have had neither the time, nor have they had sufficiently large survey crews at work in their licensed area, to submit a working plan in as great or greater detail than that submitted by Western Plywood.

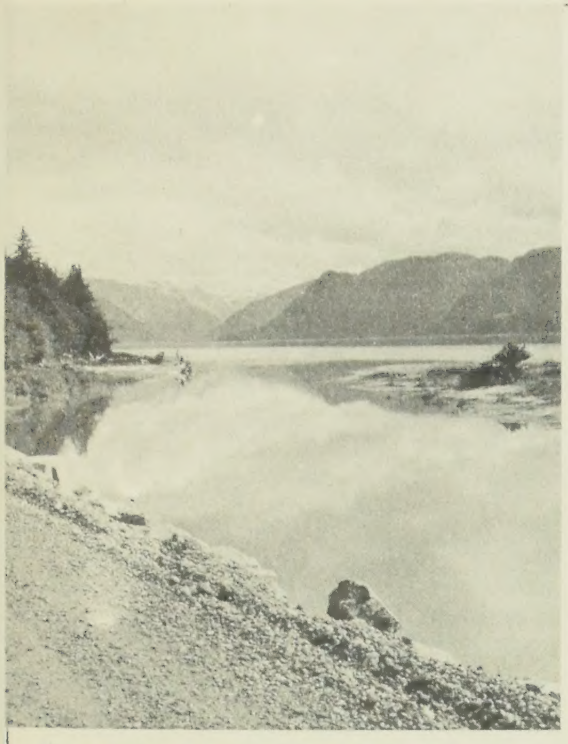
Obviously however, the Columbia Cellulose Co.'s application for a license long ago received its final approval - WITHOUT A PROPER WORKING PLAN, such as is demanded of a lesser company - or it has been promised such an 'approval'. Without it they would never have started to build.

It is a striking example of injustice when, hardly before the ink is dry on the new F.M.L. legislation, such discrimination becomes evident. It is discrimination of the worst order - one of the many reasons why we denounced the plan.....

Western Plywoods Co. Ltd., a Canadian firm, making efficient use of our resources is surely entitled to the same "protection" as foreign investors. Legislation should be administered impartially - or it should cease to exist.

Diplomacy is to do and say,
The nastiest thing in the nicest way.
- Isaac Goldberg.

' Boy! Did I ever dress in a hurry!'



Skeena River near Skeena Siding on the road to Prince Rupert, B.C.
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